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Contents

The Week 206
American Policy in China..... 208
Mr. Moore's Private War..... 210
The Modest Coal Strike..... 212
General Articles
How Far Must We Protect Our Citizens Abroad?.. .....Edwin M. Borchard 214
Sapiro, the Spectacular.....E. C. Lindeman 216
The Campus Martial.....Raymond P. Currier 218
Mr. Coolidge.....Rosalind A. Schwab 220
Creatures (verse).....Padraic Colum 221
Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 222
Clemence Dane's New Play.....Stark Young 223
A Mechanic for Magnificence..Genevieve Taggard 224
Correspondence 225
Reviews of Books
The Holy Roman.....Robert Morss Lovett 226
An Intellectual Genius.....C. E. Ayres 227
Gertrude Stein.....Edmund Wilson 228
Literary Globe-Trotters.....E. F. 229
Recent Fiction..... 230

The Week

TRAGEDY threatens in China. Those who want to see the powers begin a war against the Nationalists are daily growing bolder and more urgent. The American Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai has issued a formal statement saying that "militarism, brigandage and Bolshevism have destroyed all semblance of law and order throughout the greater part of China," and demanding naval action to recover the treaty ports along the Yangtse, and to "protect foreign property." This would almost certainly mean hostilities costing the lives of many persons. It would mean an abandonment of the pretense that the foreign governments are only protecting the lives and property of their nationals. It would also mean that China would be cut in two from east to west. The northern march of the Nationalist army toward Peking would be greatly impeded, if not made impossible. The Manchurian super-bandit, Chang Tso-lin, now on the brink of disaster, would be kept in power indefinitely, and the unification of China postponed indefinitely. A more short-sighted, selfish and infamous misuse of military power it is difficult to imagine.

NEITHER in this manifesto nor in any other statement from the main group of foreigners at Shanghai is it possible to discern the slightest realization of what the present revolution means to the Chinese, the slightest sympathy for their aspirations, or concern for the profound changes in the spirit of the country which are now taking place. The one desire is that the position of the foreigner in China shall remain unimpaired, his special privileges be not disturbed. This, of course, is the one thing which is altogether unlikely in any case, and would certainly be so, if the Chamber of Commerce were to get its way. The business houses of Shanghai are on the verge of bankruptcy because they are isolated from their markets. Military action against China, whatever else it involved, would at once mean the reinstitution of the Canton boycott which the British found so terribly effective, its extension to all China, and the inclusion of Japan and America as its objects—if these nations should be unwise enough to join in the effort to bring peace by the sword.

SECRET diplomacy, varied with occasional intervals of disingenuous publicity, continues to mark the American government's policy in Nicaragua and Mexico. In the former country we continue our half-hearted intervention, giving arms to Diaz on long credits, hampering his Liberal opponents, but refusing to show our hand openly and take sides effectively enough to put an end to the conflict. President Coolidge, after having, on several occasions, announced that we are not interfering in the domestic affairs of Nicaragua, felt constrained last week, in view of the perfectly obvious fact that we *are* intervening, again to bring out the old canal argument as an excuse. He told newspaper correspondents that the facilities at Panama are nearly at the saturation point, and that we must begin to think seriously about the Nicaragua route. Even if this were true, it would offer no argument in favor of our support of Diaz as against Sacasa; the latter

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has repeatedly said his party is entirely friendly to the proposed canal. But apparently it is not even true. The Washington Bureau of the New York World points out that the Panama Canal could easily be lighted for night use, doubling its present capacity; that engineers' reports to Congress recently stated the present canal resources are being used only to the extent of 50 percent; and that construction of another lock, which would greatly facilitate traffic, would cost only from a fourth to an eighth as much as the Nicaragua project.

NOTHING more has been heard in regard to the famous "forged documents" which fell into the hands of President Calles, and led him to believe that Secretary Kellogg and Ambassador Sheffield were plottinig his overthrow. No explanation has yet been given as to how the genuine documents, into which the forgeries were inserted, were obtained by the conspirators; how the forged telegrams were translated into the secret diplomatic code; nor why President Calles should have felt that an attempt by Messrs. Kellogg and Sheffield to unseat him was not inconsistent with their previous attitude. It is not even known whether Secretary Kellogg has seen the forgeries in question, or has merely had them described to him. If he thinks that he can continue to keep silent on this extremely important matter, and that the public interest in the question will die away, we believe that he is mistaken. It will come up again, in the next session of Congress if not before. Meantime, the tension between Mexico and the United States has, at least temporarily, somewhat abated. There is good reason to believe that, behind the scenes, negotiations are under way which may effect a satisfactory compromise on the oil law. It is worth while to remember that, according to reliable reports, the oil companies had decided last autumn that they could and should accept the law, when the American State Department interfered, and virtually ordered them to stand out. If they were willing to submit to the law then, it ought not to be very difficult to reach an agreement now—if Mr. Kellogg will kindly permit it.

NO MORE important decision has been rendered by the Interstate Commerce Commission since the War than that just handed down in the case of the St. Louis and O'Fallon Railway. In addition to settling a number of minor points and clearing the way for recapture of excess earnings, it enunciates clearly for the first time, and logically justifies, the method which the Commission proposes to follow in its valuation of the roads for rate-making purposes. It starts with the cost of reproduction of the property as of 1914. Cost of reproduction at that date is used because actual investment before then is difficult to ascertain, and it is believed that the reproduction value in 1914 does not differ greatly from investment cost, though, if anything, it is liberal to the investors. From that point on, however, the cost-of-reproduction theory is thrown aside, and increases in value are allowed only on the basis of the actual cost of capital additions, less depreciation. An able argument, too long to summarize in a paragraph, supports the "prudent investment" theory. The Commission evidently hopes to convert the Supreme Court to its way of thinking. If sustained, this decision will make the total valuation of the railways at least $10,000,000,000 less than under the reproduction-cost theory. The majority opinion by Mr. Meyer is ably supplemented by a separate opinion from Mr. Eastman. Of the four dissenting Commissioners, one, Mr. Aitchison, agrees with the policy of the majority, but believes the Commission legally bound by Supreme Court decisions to proceed otherwise. Two of the others, Messrs. Woodlock and Taylor, are Coolidge appointees, who, because of their known sympathies with the railroad point of view, were expected to support it, and were probably chosen for the Commission largely on that account.

MORE persons received incomes of a million dollars and over in 1925 than ever before—even in the war-profit years of 1916 and 1917. These 207 fortunate individuals, and the number of other large income receivers in lower brackets, are used by Treasury Department publicity as substantiation of Secretary Mellon's argument that "reduction of surtaxes would increase the reportable incomes taxable under the surtax brackets." Competent analysis has repeatedly demonstrated that this argument, particularly as it relates to tax-exempt bonds, is unsound, but the Treasury Department learns nothing and forgets nothing. Every change in prosperity is still attributed to tax policy. Apparently the smaller incomes in 1924 had nothing to do with the industrial slump, the low price of wheat, and the La Follette scare. The tax reduction effective in 1925, however, seems to have had little influence on yield, since the income taxes collected this March are only $17,000,000 more than those of a year ago. Income from bonds represents a comparatively small part of the large incomes, anyway. It is, finally, a commentary on the distribution of wealth that only 2,334,823 persons reported taxable incomes—about one-seventeenth of the gainfully employed. Whatever is happening to the poor, the rich are surely growing richer.

IN AN article in the New Republic of February 9, in the series, "Consumers in Wonderland," the authors described an unnamed aluminum cleaning powder which, it was stated, contained oxalic acid, a deadly poison, together with sand and a little powdered soap. The maker of "Cracker Jack," an aluminum cleaner, believes that his product was indicated by the description, objects that it contains no oxalic acid, and asks a statement to that effect. A careful analysis of "Cracker Jack" has been undertaken, at the request of the New Republic and

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the authors, by an expert chemical analyst of the Electrical Testing Laboratories, New York, who reports in part as follows:

> Sand, 93 percent.
> Soap and moisture, (by difference) 7.0 percent.
> Free alkali, none.
> The indications of the results of our test are that this cleaner consists of white sand and a rather small amount of an almost neutral soap, and contains no oxalic acid or phosphates.

American Policy in China

THE American Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai has appealed to President Coolidge to join Great Britain in adopting an active military policy in China in opposition to the Nationalist revolution. The President will not, we believe, respond favorably to this appeal, but if he should, he would commit one of the gravest mistakes which a statesman in his peculiarly responsible position could possibly make. He would have abandoned the historic policy of the American nation with respect to China, in favor of the historic policy of the British nation, and he would have grievously and perhaps fatally falsified the future relation between the American Republic and the independent Chinese nation which will finally emerge from the confusion and disorder of the revolution. If the British wish to pursue a military policy in China (which is by no means certain), let them do it alone. Their present predicament is most difficult and anxious, but it is the result of their own policy in the past, not of the American policy. Let them pull their own chestnuts out of the fire.

It is important for American opinion to understand just what the British predicament is, and why the British government, if it is to counter-attack the Chinese Nationalist movement, is so much in need of American assistance. The offensiveness of the Chinese Nationalists has assumed the form of refusing to tolerate the continuation of those invasions of Chinese territory and sovereignty which, chiefly under British leadership, have been the means of introducing "western civilization" into China. But the Chinese, like the Japanese in the last century, have bettered the instruction of their masters. The eruption of Chinese nationalism is, of course, the most convincing possible tribute which the Chinese can pay to the civilization of the West. They are proving their hospitality to western ideas and methods by trying to set up a revolutionary national government. It is doubtful, however, whether a national Chinese government is able as yet to fulfill the responsibility for the protection of alien life and property which the effort to abolish extra-territoriality assumes. The British government, consequently, does not know how to answer the offensive Nationalist demands. In the old days it would have garrisoned the treaty ports, occupied Canton in force, blockaded the line of the Yangtse River, dispersed the Nationalist armies and tried to set up a pro-British dictatorship. Today it lacks the resources and the will to pursue a power policy alone. Yet it does not dare to try the only realistic alternative. It does not dare to recognize the Kuomintang as the future government of China, to surrender its privileges as Russia and Germany have done, and to help the Nationalist party to increase and consolidate its authority.

During the last two months, the British government has tried to escape from this predicament by playing the game both ways. It has announced its willingness to revise the treaties. At the same time it has strengthened its armies in China, but only, ostensibly, for the purpose of protecting its legal rights and preserving order. It has prepared both to fight and to negotiate in the hope that the willingness to negotiate might make fighting unnecessary. It looks now as if the preparations for fighting would, for the time being, make negotiations impossible. It looks meticulously fair to carry a sword in one hand and an olive branch in the other, but the partnership is sometimes destroyed by incompatibility. Fighting is usually a two-handed business, the consequence being that the olive branch is discreetly concealed until one of the sword-bearers is vanquished, or until both are exhausted.

In the present instance, the two-faced British policy attempted, in effect, to shift the burden of the predicament on to the shoulders of the Canton government. The Imperial government eased its own anxieties by imposing an almost impossible task on the Chinese Nationalists. It required them to carry on a revolution, which is necessarily based upon anti-foreign agitation, in a polite, well behaved and orderly fashion. At the same time, it acts as if they would fail, and if they fail, it threatens them with severe castigation. Probably the British government really wishes to treat the Chinese revolution fairly, but it does not know how. It is torn between the good intentions of some of its own members and the interests, the fears and the demands of its own nationals in China. The latter have never believed in a policy of compromise. They have dogmatically identified the revolution with disorder, and they have been waiting for an opportunity to exploit it. The foreign, and particularly the British and American, community in Shanghai is appalled at the ominous specter of this bristling, onrushing proletarian army which is knocking at the gates of their bad old city. They consider themselves entitled to complete military protection, not only for their persons and property, but for their privileges. They are out to prove that permanent garrisons, sufficiently strong to defy Nationalist China, are the only way of maintaining western influence and prestige in the Orient. They have persuaded the British government to station such a garrison at Shanghai, and they propose that it shall be reënforced and in the end turned loose on the Chinese Nationalist army.

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Their best chance of overcoming the scruples in London against a policy of force is to make it appear that the Nationalist armies, in the intoxication of success, are passing, by inevitable stages, from inflamed anti-foreign propaganda to deliberate criminal violence against foreigners. Perhaps they really fear something in the nature of a general massacre. In any event, they wish the British and the American governments to treat the Canton government as if it either could not or did not wish to prevent such a massacre. The news which the English-speaking correspondents cable from Shanghai is almost all colored by these fears and projects. When the Nationalist troops looted and killed in Nanking, the correspondents did their best to exaggerate the amount and importance of the bloodshed, and to interpret it as the evidence of murderous malevolence on the part of the revolutionary leaders. So far did they carry this desire to place the worst interpretation on the facts that both the French and the Japanese governments finally felt compelled to distribute through their own news agencies warnings against the anti-Nationalist propaganda which these correspondents had cabled from Shanghai under the cover of authentic news reports. It was the tendency and, in a sense, the object, of this propaganda to foment the kind of violence against which it was nominally protesting. If it can demonstrate to British and American opinion that Chinese nationalism is a revival of Boxerism, stiffened by Bolshevism, the way would be cleared for waging war against it. On the other hand, the one perfect way of temporarily Bolshevizing Chinese nationalism is to force the Kuomintang to assert the national independence of China by means of war.

Both the British government and a majority of the Cantonese leaders are, no doubt, anxious to avoid an armed collision, but it is doubtful whether they will succeed. Each of them is playing a policy of power and prestige which makes it difficult for either to yield. The Cantonese were forced by their situation to play such a policy. They never had the slightest chance of loosening the foreign stranglehold upon China until they were in a position to assert their national unity and independence. They had to organize a government and demonstrate its power by overcoming its enemies. But among its enemies are those foreigners who insist on preserving their legal privileges. In this sense, if the prestige of the Nationalists goes up, just in that proportion the prestige of the British and other foreigners must go down. The British in China fully realize that, as soon as the Chinese revolutionary nationalism consolidates its power, their concessions will vanish, practically without negotiation. That is why they are so determined to bring about a collision. It is the only way in which they can stop the National government from overrunning China and dictating its own terms.

The weakness of this attempt to provoke war is that the British government cannot afford to carry on the fight alone. The expense would be huge, and a military policy, undertaken chiefly by the British army and navy, would arouse bitter opposition from the Liberal and Labor parties. It cannot embark on an aggressive military policy without American or Japanese assistance. It was in order to prepare the way for such assistance that the American Chamber of Commerce of Shanghai, whose interests are similar to those of the British business men, dispatched their appeal. American coöperation would remove the most serious obstacles to the restoration by force of British prestige in China. By obtaining it, the British would divide the expense and yet monopolize the benefit. For it would be the prestige of their position and of their historic policy of territorial concessions and spheres of influence which would be vindicated by the temporary setback of the Chinese Nationalist revolution, rather than the American policy of China for the Chinese. Mr. Coolidge will not, for the present, submit to the pressure of American business interests in Shanghai; and his refusal will, we presume, put an end, for the present, to the project of an active military policy. The British government will confine itself, for the present, to verbal protests against disorder, to perfectly proper demands for indemnification for any loss of life or destruction of property, and, finally, to the reënforcement of its existing military and naval forces in China.

Mr. Coolidge's refusal to coöperate in an aggressive military policy in China does not, however, imply that six months from now he will be equally non-coöperative. If the British really make up their minds that they must have American assistance in fighting Bolshevism and preserving "civilization" in China and in contributing to the future welfare of that country by waging war upon it, they are likely eventually to have their way. The existing position of the American government in China is weak and negative. Unless it is strengthened, it may in the end probably have to yield to a clearer vision and a stronger purpose. The Chinese revolution can hardly fail to be protracted, disorderly and the immediate cause of much bloodshed and suffering. As it becomes more disorderly, it is likely to draw closer to Soviet Russia. The American government might have been the foreign power from which the Chinese Nationalists would have sought aid and comfort in their hour of trial. During and since the Washington conference, it had every opportunity of encouraging and assisting the Canton government, but it preferred to measure its own pace by that of Great Britain. The Bolshevists rushed in where Mr. Hughes feared to tread. Russia will assist the Chinese Nationalists, no matter how disorderly they be. From their point of view, the more disorder the better. On the other hand, British and American protests and threats will wax louder and more fearful as the disorder increases. A government like that of the United States, which treats Russia as an outlaw in Europe and which is

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morbidly suspicious of possible Bolshevist influence in America, can easily be agitated into enmity to a Chinese nationalism which is proved to lean heavily on Russian ideas, methods and practical support. Anything may happen as a result of a revolutionary upheaval in a country like China, and a well informed public opinion should take nothing for granted, and should prepare for even the most improbable contingencies.

Mr. Moore's Private War

MUCH has been written and said, in recent years, about the responsibility of the journalist in encouraging war or maintaining peace. Today we have an object lesson as to this function and responsibility of the newspaper man, in the Chinese situation. Nearly all the news sent from Shanghai by the British and American correspondents has been so heavily colored by the personal opinions, fears and hopes of the writers, as well as by the personal interests of the foreign colony in Shanghai, that it could serve as a perfect illustration, for any textbook in journalism, of what foreign correspondence ought not to be. Not because his case is unique, but for the opposite reason, we propose here to examine the work of one such correspondent—Mr. Frederick Moore of the New York Times. However, it would be idle to deny that his work is also of special importance. For the Times is the leading newspaper of the United States; Mr. Moore, in recent weeks, has sent more columns of news than any other three correspondents put together, and his dispatches have been played up sensationally in the Times and relayed back and forth to Washington.

Mr. Moore is a new acquisition. Before him, the Times had as its correspondent in China Mr. Thomas F. Millard. The latter, let it be admitted, suffered from one handicap which does not occur in the case of Mr. Moore, and which is presumably the reason why the Times got rid of him. He was not pro-British, he was not pro-Japanese, he was not pro-foreign. He was pro-Chinese, which violates all precedents for foreign correspondents reporting news from China. For this very reason, his dispatches had long been a notable feature of the Times, marked by insight and understanding of Chinese affairs, and admired on that score by many friends of China in this country. The Times, apparently, sacked him. His last published dispatch, so far as we are aware, was printed some six weeks ago, on February 24. Four days later, on February 28, the first dispatch from Mr. Moore made its appearance. Since that date, Mr. Moore has had the center of the stage, reeling off hundreds and even thousands of words a morning, blackening the Chinese Nationalist movement to the best of his considerable ability, pleading with America to intervene in China and make war, war, war.

All of this Mr. Moore has not done without arousing protest. We are advised that numerous critics have objected to the use of the Times' news columns for partisan, misleading propaganda, and have been assured in reply, in substance, that

> The Times sent Mr. Moore to China to report the news accurately, promptly, interestingly and without prejudice. It knows of no one better qualified for such a task and has no reason to believe that he is not carrying out his instructions.

This being the case, let us first examine Mr. Moore's ability to size up even the simplest situation—the military situation—before proceeding to his sweeping conclusions regarding nationalism in China, democracy in China, Bolshevism in China, and the duty of the white races.

As stated, Mr. Moore's first dispatch from China upon his succeeding Mr. Millard was published on February 28. This was three weeks before the Nationalist armies entered Shanghai. Mr. Moore promptly pooh-poohed the idea that the Nationalist armies would ever enter Shanghai. In his first dispatch, he laughed at the naïve western idea that foreign troops in Shanghai were "in the midst of scowling adversaries who refrain from attack only because of the presence of twenty warships anchored close by in the harbor"; they were rather in the midst of a naturally subservient people, and there would be no attack on Shanghai. Mr. Moore reported, on March 7, a few days after his arrival, that failure of the Nationalist forces to take Shanghai "is now regarded by most competent observers as a foregone conclusion." In Shanghai, Mr. Moore explained (March 4), "There is absolute security from without, no equal Chinese force being in the vicinity." He was informed that "reports of large, well disciplined, well equipped Chinese armies being in the vicinity are totally incorrect." The defending army of the Northerners in Shanghai was "considered the best in China, excluding Chang Tso-lin's" (March 6). This was an army "infinitely better than the Southern army." Its position was "incalculably stronger." The notion that the upstart Nationalists might dare to attack this army was ridiculous. "The long-heralded battle of Shanghai," reported Mr. Moore on March 9, a few days before the battle actually started, "becomes daily more and more unlikely." It became a little more likely, later on. But just four days before the Nationalist armies marched into Shanghai with colors flying, Mr. Moore reported:

> The coolest and best informed foreigners still agree that Shanghai is unlikely to be taken by the Southern armies for many weeks, possibly months.

This is the man, then, who knows so much about China that he doesn't know an army is on its way into Shanghai four days ahead of time. Mr. Moore,

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a few days later, changed his tune abruptly. He had spent his first three weeks in China ridiculing the idea that there was any real vitality behind the Nationalist cause and proving that it was impossible for a Nationalist army to take Shanghai. A Nationalist army having taken Shanghai, Mr. Moore changed his tune to the necessity that all foreign hands should unite to throw that army out. He had already sneered at the policy of the American government to go slow in its use of troops, saying: "Here in Shanghai as in the World War our forces are associated but not allied with the British and the French." Now, with the Nationalists in Shanghai, he began pleading for the use of force. Americans in Shanghai, he reported, were "complaining of the inactivities of the American Marines." Failure of the Marines to take more aggressive action was "commented on as not being adequate defense of American lives and property." The Marines themselves were restless, aboard ship, and "anxious for more active duty." Perhaps this qualifies as news; but how about the comment that only a "punitive expedition" could "reëstablish a tenable condition for foreigners among the Chinese" in the Yangtse Valley? This highly editorialized advice to Washington to show a little more of the mailed fist appeared in the guise of a news dispatch, dated March 25. In the guise of a news dispatch, Mr. Moore reported (March 27): "Only gunfire will save missions as well as business houses." Just a little army, ever so little an army, could turn a wondrous trick. Thus, on March 28:

> A cablegram aching Shanghai today indicates that the United Sta might participate in military action with the other erested Powers in renewing security for their nationals in China. Naturally, such action would reëstablish the missionaries as well as the business men, and it is also true that it could be accomplished with comparatively few troops, the Chinese armies being ridiculously weak, their warfare childish in character and the morale of their armies negligible.

This, too, we suppose, is "news," and, of course, not opinion—something in which the Times does not indulge in its news columns. So, too, presumably, it is "news" to write into a dispatch which purports to be straightforward fact-reporting the eager counsel that "the only hope against Bolshevism"—according to Mr. Moore's acquaintances in Shanghai—"must bring interference on a large scale" and that there is "an adequate force" on hand to protect the *status quo* in the treaty ports "in a week, if Washington should decide to act alone, or should authorize coöperation with the British, French and Japanese."

Masked as a reporter of the news, presuming on his public as a reporter of the news, Mr. Moore has used the Times (with or without the connivance of the Times) to egg the administration on to the use of force, ever since the Nationalists took Shanghai. Simultaneously, he has done his best to discredit the Nationalist movement as thoroughly as possible. He has announced that any assurances it gives are "valueless" (March 23), that it is "unable or unwilling" to fulfill such assurances (March 24), that its promises are "empty" (March 26), and that no more trust can be put in the things its leaders say than could be put in "Chinese assurances at the time of the Boxer rising"—all matters of editorial interpretation, surely, rather than the reporting of something which is "news." He has announced (March 8) that China is confronted with "the alternative of brigandage or Bolshevism," which is his own private and wholly personal opinion of the situation, rather than the report of anything which has happened on the scene of action. He has cabled, as news, the information that he hears shots being fired as he writes, and that "may be" an attempt is being made to assassinate British police in Shanghai (March 21), when no assassinations were reported. He has reported that the Nationals in Shanghai "intend" to "attack the French and international settlements" (March 26), when no attack developed. He has announced (March 26) that "everywhere" the Nationalist leaders "have been mercilessly decapitating and shooting their own Chinese," when no other report from any other source confirms this startling news. He has drawn, from the Nanking riot, conclusions which are in no sense news, but personal deductions based on other people's news. Thus he has argued that the Nanking riot completely and finally discredits the friends of China who see promise in the Nationalist movement: "Now that women have been robbed as well as men of the clothes on their backs, what can they explain?" An extraordinary conclusion to be drawn from a single riot, that it disproves the value of a whole movement—as well as an extraordinary item to appear as "news." He has even argued from the Nanking riot that it proves (God save the mark) the disinterestedness of foreign governments throughout China. Before Nanking, he says, "many responsible men in the mission groups believed the Washington and London governments, as the Nationalists charged, were dominated by money interests" (March 28). Now these men are "disillusioned." . . . Will someone tell us why? Even a highly impressionistic, write-your-own-editorials-into-the-news reporter like Mr. Moore has something of a task on his hands, proving that a riot on the part of Chinese in a Chinese city has anything to do with the motives, good or bad, of western governments some miles away.

Mr. Moore has done his best as a "reporter" to injure the Nationalist movement. It is his least forgivable offense that he has done his best to injure China. Back of all his reporting is a dislike and scorn for the Chinese people. He says of China that it is a nation "apparently incapable of understanding" the fine motives of Great Britain, which "meant the Chinese well." Stubborn China!

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"Ignorance and distress are too widespread to permit her to understand kindness with the authority of force." The Chinese (this would indeed be news to many generations since Confucius) are "without schools worthy of the name." They have no ability as executives, no ability as statesmen, "not a single responsible law court." It will serve the Chinese right if the foreigners leave them to their own devices, and do them good to have "a decade" or so "to realize what they have lost." This, too, is "news"—and not opinion. Missionaries who profess to see hope for China on her own score are irresponsible people, "inclined impractically to theorize about equality." It is doubtful whether "a republic is possible for a country . . . with no native university equaling an American high school." It is doubtful whether China can ever "become united, establish order and make progress under conditions of illiteracy, lack of communications, permanent semi-starvation and a system of army brigandage."

"Permanent" semi-starvation? Ever become united? . . . These are somewhat sweeping generalities for an expert who could not guess, four days ahead of time, that an army on the other side of the Yangtse River was about to cross it.

"Shanghai is unlikely to be taken by the Southern army for many weeks, possibly months," cabled Mr. Frederick Moore one Thursday. On Monday they were in.

Mr. Moore himself, unfortunately, is not in. He is on the loose, very much on the loose, doing considerable damage to the reputation of the Times, the credulity of its readers and the friendship of the Chinese people.

The Modest Coal Strike

HAS the soft coal industry been suddenly reformed? From the reception of the news that another strike is on, one might infer so. How strange and far away the report sounds! It just manages to alight softly on the second or third page of the papers. Nobody is discussing coal. Public bodies are not drawing up resolutions. Governors are not being appealed to. There is no demand for legislation. Commissions of inquiry are not being appointed. As far as popular interest is concerned, the coal strike, the coal industry and its problems, are as dull as an outworn fashion.

Just one change from the old order has brought about this novel situation. There is plenty of coal. Prices are not rising. Whatever else may be going on in the industry apparently does not intrigue the nation. As long as the consumer's immediate need is served, there is no coal problem. There are two groups of persons who now have a right to say, "I told you so." One consists of the union men, who used to be bitterly attacked because their strikes caused inconvenience to the public, and who answered that if their strikes did not inconvenience the public, their grievances would not receive the slightest attention. The other consists of the non-union operators, who always replied to the plaints of the consumer, that if only they were let alone and the power of the union sufficiently diminished, the buyer of coal would have nothing to fear from a strike. That is just what has happened. No regulation has been applied to the industry. The present Republican administration has ignored all the recommendations of the Coal Commission appointed by the past Republican administration. The unionized fields now cover somewhat less than 40 percent of the total production. There is, therefore, plenty of coal. The consumer, therefore, does not complain. The miners' grievances, therefore, attract no attention.

It does not follow, however, that there is no coal problem of general importance. Nor does it follow, even, that the consumer will never again be inconvenienced in his immediate interest.

Let us look, first, at the plight of the miners. About 150,000 men are on strike. They, with their families, form an important part of the nation. The people immediately concerned would fill half a dozen Yale Bowls. They would several times outnumber the United States army. The economic weakness of their protest does not consist in the fact that they are few, but that they are overbalanced by the 400,000 or more still at work. These men have been, for years, subject to severe unemployment. The terms on which they might now end the strike would reduce their daily earnings at once by nearly a third, and would offer no assurance of employment for a larger number of days. The best that is offered them is a chance to bear the losses of cut-throat competition in an overdeveloped industry. The goal that might be reached by acceding to the operators' demands is the easier survival of those mines paying the lowest wages. The loss which the strikers have to risk by not acceding is precisely the same as what they have to gain by acceding, plus the possible loss of any union control whatever. This is a desperate prospect, and the fact that so many have to face it is surely not without consequences for our social and economic order as a whole.

Nor is the plight of the workers in the non-union mines any better. Some of them, to be sure, have more employment, but their wage rates are the same as were paid in 1917 or before, when adjustments had not been made to equal the wartime rise in the cost of living. Many of them live, moreover, under as complete an industrial autocracy as the world has ever seen. Not only do they lack the ordinary protections afforded by the union, such as safeguards against petty tyranny and prejudice in discharge, and check-weighmen to see that they are not cheated on tonnage. They must trade in company stores, buy company supplies for their work, live in company houses, walk on company streets, and do pretty much without local self-government in any form. They must, in order to gain employment, sign con-

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tracts not to join the union. These contracts not only mean automatic discharge for any activity looking toward organization, but are made the legal basis for injunctions preventing the union from sending in organizers or other help. Company gunmen are appointed deputy sheriffs. The company can and does by force keep off its property—i. e., the towns where the miners work and live—anyone suspected of union sympathies. Thus the non-union miners, who are not on strike, cannot be said to accept existing conditions of their own free will. They have never fairly been offered the choice of joining the union or remaining out of it. Their choice is between working under non-union conditions or not having a job, and it must be individually made. The predicament of the non-union miner is of even more public concern than that of the union miner, because it involves the loss not only of economic status, but of civil independence.

It should be noticed that the state, which is supposed not to be "interfering" in the industry because it does nothing to protect the economic interests of the miners and the consumers, does, as a matter of fact, interfere effectively, through injunctions and deputies, to protect the non-union employers, thus keeping a large section of the industry unorganized, and making virtually certain that competition will be carried on at the expense of the workers.

It is inconceivable that the situation of the miners, union and non-union, can continue indefinitely without causing trouble, trouble which may affect all of us. One easily recognizable possibility is that the non-union men will some time, in spite of all difficulties, revolt, and, by striking, bring another shortage to the consumer, if, indeed, they do nothing more serious.

The public is menaced by the unfavorable status of the miners. It suffers also from the industrial waste caused by the presence of idle men and excess capital in the industry. And it suffers from the careless and wasteful exploitation of the coal resources in the ground—the result of a primitive technique which overdevelopment and severe competition do little to discourage.

Anyone who looks an inch beneath the surface must see that the application of the non-union operators' specific has not solved the coal problem—the disease has simply lost its outer symptom for a period, to burrow inside. And the weakness of the union strategy has so far been that it has had nothing to offer which could prevent the arrival of the present desperate situation of the miners. The United Mine Workers have, to be sure, consistently demanded the unionization of the entire industry, so that competition could rest on a basis of stabilized and fair wages. And they have protested against the practices of the non-union operators which place such heavy obstacles in the way of organization. In both respects they have been right. Unfortunately, however, their acts have not been such as to effectuate their demands. Quite the contrary. Mr. Lewis' economic philosophy has been little more advanced than that of the non-union operators, while his economic shrewdness is apparently considerably inferior to theirs. He, too, wants no outside "interference" with the industry. He, too, has believed that competition and the "law of supply and demand" will reduce overdevelopment by eliminating the surplus producers. Standing squarely on this acceptance of competition, he has left most of the competitive advantages with his opponents, by insisting on a higher wage scale in the union fields, without doing anything to reduce their costs. The elimination has, therefore, consisted largely of union production. In justice to the union operators, it must be said that their present demand for a "competing wage" is the logical outcome of Mr. Lewis' own premises.

In the recent negotiations, a new note was struck by the union offer of coöperation to reduce costs and to attempt the removal of other difficulties of the unionized mines. The offer may be simply a bargaining gesture, but if it is made with sincerity and understanding it ought to be seriously considered. Perhaps it comes too late; it should have been made at least two or three years ago. Yet, even now, it might help, if coupled with a more vigorous attempt to extend the organization. Certainly there is little hope for the industry in a victory by the operators, the extension of the open shop and the further depression of wages.

In the end, whatever else is done, it will become apparent that competition is not what the industry needs. Competition cannot permanently reduce overproduction. It cannot eliminate the inefficient mines—rather it enables the inefficient mines to continue in existence by wasteful exploitation of natural and human resources. Conscious control of the industry must, some time, be resorted to. This may be applied by large corporations; it may be applied by the government; it may be a mixture of the two. If it comes in the wrong way, it may eliminate the union altogether, but, without it, the union is helpless—as are many of the operators. We can only hope that appreciation of the need for a fundamental remedy will not wait until the disease of competition has well-nigh killed the patient.

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How Far Must We Protect Our Citizens Abroad?

IN all the discussions in connection with the relations of the United States to Mexico, and in the controversies of the State Department with other countries on behalf of American citizens, it has been taken for granted that the United States was under a primary and immediate duty, legal and moral, to protect its citizens abroad. The privilege of protecting citizens abroad, and obtaining for them what may be called international due process of law, is indeed a doctrine of international law. It represents one of the most primitive institutions of organized society, the theory that, when an individual member of the clan is injured, the whole clan is injured, and must proceed to defend him and redress the wrong.

The question arises whether this primitive doctrine is today the most practical, since it ultimately means that, whenever a citizen is injured abroad, under standards of international law not always equitably or legally applied, the whole nation of which he is a citizen may find itself in war or diplomatic hostility. All the people are insurers with their lives and property against injury to a single citizen. The expense and damage thus incurred by the people as a whole may be utterly disproportionate to any injury sustained by the citizen. With the constantly growing integration of the world, the increasing amount of investments abroad, now more precarious than for a long time, a constant menace of war hovers over nations having citizens abroad or large investments on the part of aliens. Is it essential that peaceful citizens of both countries must be thus continuously subject to the danger of war?

The problem will be made clearer by an appreciation of the existing law and practice. It may be assumed that international law represents an ascertainable standard of conduct to which every state must conform, and that a foreign investor or property-owner is entitled to demand the protection of that law, whenever it is violated to his disadvantage. The means of assuring such protection are, in theory and law, though not always in actual practice, subject to certain rules. The state in which the investment is made is not deemed to be deprived of its normal governmental powers, of its right to legislate and to exercise its police power for the common welfare. Contrary to a common conception, no guaranty against impairment goes with the investment. And again, not only is the foreigner required to exhaust his local remedies before diplomatic interposition becomes proper, but interposition itself is, in theory, limited to peaceful forms, diplomacy, arbitration and mediation, if necessary. Immediate violence or armed force to protect property abroad is not a part of international due process of law. On this continent, particularly, it has been ruled out by the Pan-American conventions of 1901 and 1910. To the latter convention, still in force, both Mexico and the United States are parties. It reads:

> The High Contracting Parties agree to submit to arbitration all claims for pecuniary loss or damage which may be presented by their respective citizens and which can not be amicably adjusted through diplomatic channels, when such claims are of sufficient importance to warrant the expense of arbitration. The decision shall be rendered in accordance with the principles of international law.

In actual practice, the system works with the utmost uncertainty, and politics, rather than law, is likely often to be the determining factor in the case; for the outcome will depend perhaps less on a rule of law than on the political strength or weakness of the complaining or defendant state, and the political relations between the two. Thus the foreigner, member of a strong state, may obtain advantages beyond the reach of the member of a weak state. The individual is thus left in a precarious position, the plaything of politics, the victim of chance, whereas law, which in this field is usually readily ascertainable, should control the conduct and legal relations of all three parties concerned, the individual, the complaining state, and the defendant state.

Let us look at the situation as it now exists. A foreigner complains that the Mexican government has injured him in violation of international law. Assume that he has exhausted his remedies in the Mexican courts. He complains to his Foreign Office. Whether he will obtain redress will probably depend on the strength of the clan (state) he belongs to. Assuming it to be a strong clan, like the United States, the Secretary of State will decide, in his own discretion, whether the individual's complaint should be espoused by the nation. The victim of the injury has no legal *right* to secure interposition. Whether the Foreign Office will espouse his claim, assuming that the Secretary believes it to be a proper one, will largely depend upon the strength of the claimant's nation, its general political relations with the defendant state, home politics, and numerous other considerations. If the claimants are numerous or influential, they are likely to exert political pressure to have their claims espoused.

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Policy and politics, therefore, rather than law, control the question of diplomatic interposition. Moreover, the Foreign Office must often act on *ex parte* evidence, and is without any judicial machinery to investigate all phases of the matter. Having espoused the claim, it often assumes positions from which it later finds it difficult to withdraw, and thus commits the nation to its unfortunate *ex parte* decision. Finally, if it does espouse the claim, it does so on the advice of its law officers, who may be quite wrong. In insisting under such circumstances upon the alleged rights of its citizens, as against the denial by a defendant country of any violation of international law, the complaining country makes itself plaintiff, judge and sheriff in its own cause. This can hardly be called a highly civilized system, or one calculated to promote the peace.

Take the position of the defendant government. Often too weak to resist, it may yield to the pressure of a strong claimant government, supporting a claim intrinsically unjust. Such defendant governments, if weak, have never succeeded in obtaining admission of their contention that the decisions of their municipal courts are final. Under such circumstances, interposition and intervention take place on the fiat of the complaining state determining for itself the law of the case. The resort to arbitration, instead of being regarded as a part of due process, is deemed a matter of expediency only. The suggestion recently made: that intervention becomes proper and arbitration may be rejected if the defendant state seems (to the complaining state) unlikely to be able to pay any judgment or award found against it, is not warranted by anything to be found in international law, but is an indication of the easy rationalization of force. A poor country, under the idea thus suggested, is to be invaded and controlled whenever a strong state charges it with violation of international law. It may not exercise normal legislative powers except with the consent of foreign states, and, worst of all, it may not even invoke arbitration, for it may be deemed financially unable to pay awards. On the other hand, a strong defendant state may violate international law and the legal rights of a foreigner, member of a weak state, with impunity. Imagine what would happen if a Latin-American state perpetrated a Chemical Foundation transaction against, say, British or American citizens. International law and peace are both impaired by methods in which violence is the *ultima ratio*.

It has been suggested that the divorce of pecuniary claims from politics and the substitution of law for force could be easily achieved by the obligatory submission of such legal disputes between nations to an international court. By the Pan-American conventions on pecuniary claims, this is indeed the agreed rule on the American continent. Under such a system, the claimant would not depend for his rights upon the accident of nationality, the plaintiff state would be relieved from the pressure of politics and the continuous danger of war, and the defendant state could rely on law, instead of force, for the determination of its rights. Logical and sensible as this may seem, the fact is that the larger nations of the world have been unwilling, up to this time, except in the Pan-American convention, to accept the obligatory jurisdiction of any court over these purely legal disputes. Article 36 of the Statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice provides for such obligatory jurisdiction, but the strong nations are unwilling to commit themselves unreservedly to the judicial solution of legal issues. They prefer to rely on force, when the occasion seems to them to require it. Only the insistence of the people who ultimately pay the price of force will induce these nations to adopt more civilized practices.

But is not the system of diplomatic protection, as now practised, a source of constant danger? Can any qualifications be placed upon it that would be likely to command general support? I offer the following suggestions. Unless the foreigner and the defendant state, who are the parties primarily concerned, are given some other forum than the political, they are not likely to be willing or able to abandon the existing practice. Nor will the plaintiff state leave its citizen without redress unless some other way of affording him the protection of international law is found. While there is some opinion that the citizen abroad takes his chances in going into a foreign country, and should accept the law and the local system of justice as he finds them, this doctrine has not commanded assent from strong states. The view has not prevailed, because it involves a possible violation of international due process of law which every foreigner is entitled to claim. At present, he can invoke international law, if denied him in the country of residence, only by the interposition of his whole clan, under conditions that may permit politics and force to be the determining factors.

But if the foreigner were given an opportunity to invoke international due process of law, not in the local courts exclusively, but in an international court, it would be unnecessary for his Foreign Office and his fellow citizens to become the insurers of due process of law in his behalf. An analogy from administrative law comes readily to mind. Throughout the Middle Ages, and into the school of natural law of the eighteenth century, the doctrine of resistance to unlawful acts of state was a principle of political theory. It was abandoned only when states created administrative or judicial tribunals in which they submitted to judicial determination the legality of their own acts. If states having a large population of foreigners would consent to be sued before an international court by the individual foreigner dissatisfied by the local decision and claiming a violation of international due process of law, it would be unnecessary for his fellow citizens to espouse his claim, acting on *ex parte* evidence and *ex parte* views of his rights. The defendant state would also

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be assured of the application of law rather than force.

Some states, including the United States, are still unwilling to be sued generally even in their own courts, let alone in international courts; but the fact that most of the civilized states now do permit such local suits would make the proposal no great novelty. The South American and European states, for the most part, permit themselves to be sued at the behest of an individual. If they could escape the burden of diplomatic interposition or armed intervention because of the alleged violation of an alien's rights as determined, not by an impartial tribunal, but by the Foreign Office of the complaining alien, they might be willing to permit themselves to be sued before an international court by the complaining individual. To what extent the complaining state should dissociate itself from the complaint, I will not undertake now to suggest. Perhaps it should aid him in his suit, if it considers the case meritorious, by paying some, or if necessary, all, of the expenses; perhaps it should take an interest in having any award or judgment in his favor executed, though this, if experience is any guide, will rarely prove necessary.

Such a system as here proposed is practical, for it was adopted in the draft of the International Prize Court at the Second Hague Conference, and before the Central American Court of Justice, established in 1907. It would assure the injured foreigner of the protection of law, would relieve the complaining state and its citizens of the dangers of mixing politics, force, and law upon *ex parte* determinations, and would relieve the defendant state of the political pressure of diplomatic pecuniary claims, notably unjust ones. It would help to remove the shadow of war from essentially commercial relations. It would weaken somewhat the reign of force, and proportionately strengthen the reign of law in international relations. The present system furnishes a constant factor making for war; that fact, with the manifest promotion of justice involved, should induce some support for its modification.

EDWIN M. BORCHARD.

Sapiro, the Spectacular

FIRE-EATING "Jim" Reed of Missouri; Henry Ford, the world's richest man; a stake of one million dollars: these are the chief elements involved in the drama now being enacted in the Federal Court in Detroit. That is, these would be the chief and sufficient components for a front-page drama, if it were not for the fact that Aaron Sapiro, the litigant, sits daily in that same court-room.

As a personality, there is nothing inherently striking or dramatic about Henry Ford; stripped of his achievement and its projection in the minds of people, he would, as a matter of fact, be regarded as a plain if not a dull man. Sapiro, on the other hand, exudes dramatic qualities; he is a flashy, theatrical personality in any setting. Newspaper reporters, always quick to discover the focus of interest, soon learned that Sapiro possessed the capacity to make of this trial a reporting event, even if Henry Ford remained off the stage.

Ten years ago, Aaron Sapiro was known only to a small group in California. His name was frequently associated with that of Harris Weinstock, state market director, and G. Harold Powell, general manager of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange. As a young lawyer, he interested himself in the legal aspects of coöperative marketing. The so-called "California Plan" for pooling agricultural products had succeeded with citrus fruits, and was gradually being extended to other commodities. The plan involved a new legalistic principle: each grower who became a part of the pool was required to sign a legal contract binding him to deliver all of his product to the coöperative selling agency for a specified number of years. Any movement which proceeds from a legal base presents opportunities for lawyers, but one must grant that Aaron Sapiro exhibited unusual foresight as well as insight to find in this fact the possibility for a spectacular career. In 1919, when Sapiro and Coykendall reorganized the California Prune and Apricot Growers, Inc., this particular form of coöperative organization was still called the "California Plan"; in 1923, it was generally spoken of as the "Sapiro Plan." Between the years 1919 and 1925, Sapiro rose from the status of a lawyer scarcely known outside his state to a position of national dominance in the sphere of agriculture.

Those were weird, hectic years for the American farmer. Post-war deflation had set in; prices for everything the farmer had to sell dropped, while prices for things he had to buy remained high. The short period of wartime prosperity had raised false hopes—hopes which turned quickly to bitterness. Everywhere the farmers were angry. They were not certain regarding the proper targets for their anger, but they were unmistakably angry. And those were the years which spelled opportunity for Sapiro—this young Lochinvar who came out of the West to crusade for the farmer who had been struck so foul a blow. Back and forth across the continent he rode, organizing the cotton growers of Texas, the tobacco growers of the Carolinas, the potato growers of Maine, the wheat growers of Saskatchewan. He spoke before huge gatherings of farmers, before audiences of business men and bankers, before state legislatures. If the laws of a particular state were not amenable to the "Sapiro Plan," he

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promptly proceeded to have new laws enacted. In everything he succeeded—even in enlisting the right enemies. Threats were made against him, implying that his thrusts were striking home; consequently, his prestige grew among the farmers. Incredible achievements followed in his wake. Over fifty-five thousand burley tobacco growers were enlisted within six months; seventy-five thousand bright leaf growers in Virginia and the Carolinas formed a pool; thirty-four thousand contracts were signed in Oklahoma. Coöperative marketing became a sort of gospel to the farmers, particularly in the southern states, with Sapiro as its fiery apostle. He soon had offices in Chicago, New York, Dallas and San Francisco, for, once a coöperative association was organized, Sapiro became its attorney.

Sapiro's performance, so hastily sketched above, represents the most spectacular event in American agriculture since the days of Populism. It was peculiarly a personal achievement. In the first place, Aaron Sapiro is a Jew, and the first Jew to rise to agrarian leadership in the United States. (David Lubin, the promoter of the Institute of Agriculture at Rome, receives posthumous applause, but he was not accepted as a leader during his lifetime.) He won his most pronounced following in the South, where Jews are presumably less acceptable than in other regions. He had no advisers, and his assistants were, for the most part, imitators who basked in the reflection of his glory and did his bidding. Opposition from those whom he regarded as the farmers' enemies stirred him into inspired action. Opposition from within irritated and angered him; those who worked with him soon learned to play the role of followers, not collaborators. Many conferences were conducted under his auspices, but little conferring was undertaken; Sapiro knew what he wanted and got it, by methods which were quick and authoritative. His followers and his antagonists stood in awe of his powers.

And then—his star began to wane. Being the kind of person he is, it was to be expected that failure, from whatever source it might come, would be attributed to malevolence on the part of someone else. But what sort of person is he? Certainly it is not enough to say that he is a Jew with extraordinary forensic or oratorical capacities. He is that, of course. I have seen an audience of farmers sit and stand enthralled, listening to his words for two hours at a stretch, and then, at the close, throw their hats into the air in ecstasy. I have seen him address a group of stolid Gloucester fishermen in a dingy union hall on a dreary, cold afternoon, and I have seen something like the light of religious fervor come into their eyes. In fact, I do not think that this country contains his equal for sheer ability to influence crowd behavior. But, curiously, he does not appear to use crowd methods; his obvious appeal is always to reason.

There is a powerful emotional content in his method. He dramatizes himself, even in reciting the homely events of a marketing situation. His words are simple, and his sentences are uniformly assertions. Everything he says seems to be a fact, not merely a simple fact, but a fact backed by sufficient and weighty evidence, an assured certainty. In committee meetings, he frequently sits removed and silent until the cue is struck, whereupon he proceeds, not to clarify or explain, but to convince, to persuade. He speaks to a committee of five with the same tempo and the same method found successful in swaying a crowd of five thousand. And he knows how to take cues.

Murmurs of criticism arose at one of his conferences in Washington; the Sapiro adherents were not supporting the McNary-Haugen Bill, whereas many farm leaders were. The conference ended with a banquet; all were seated save Sapiro and his guests; and when he made his entry it was as perfectly timed as if the occasion had been rehearsed. Sapiro was the recipient of the applause he needed at the moment.

One of the press reports of the present trial in Detroit reads, "The courtroom tableau took on color when Mr. Sapiro came actively into the picture for the first time." And this inspired bit concerning Mrs. Sapiro follows: "And on the far side in front, the pretty dark-haired woman also watched the young man reading, and there was more glow in her eyes, for they were lighted by other fires." A person who can create effects of this caliber in a libel suit possesses something which is bound to force him out of the chorus to the center of the stage.

Aaron Sapiro, as is now well known, was reared in an orphanage. He studied to become a rabbi, but changed instead to the law. These two sets of facts may explain much or little. Some people attach primary importancee to the orphan-rabbi-lawyer sequence. Here, at least, is a pattern which does not clash with our mother-home-heaven-success psychology. Those who attempt to explain Sapiro turn conveniently to the Freudian catalogue: he is, for example, motivated by a messiah-complex. Closer observation of his behavior leads to the conclusion that his messianic urges are always under control. He would often persist in telling farmers that he received nothing for organizing their coöperatives, and this was true, but when these same organizations later needed legal advice, he charged ample fees. The earnings of his firm, from farmers' organizations, have amounted, according to his own admission, to something like a million dollars. In the present trial it will be observed that he is suing Henry Ford for libel; the Dearborn Independent, Mr. Ford's medium of expression, published articles which Mr. Sapiro believes to have been detrimental to his career; he also believes that these articles have somehow done injury to the Jewish people. Now, Sapiro is, no doubt, genuinely concerned over the status and prestige of Jews in general, but it will be noted that he is asking Mr. Ford to pay *him* one million dollars in damages. The savior-impulse plays an important part

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in Sapiro's career, but it is adequately checked by powerful ego-impulses which furnish more fruitful explanations of his leadership. His make-up is Disraelian.

Indeed, something of that inner conflict which is characteristic of American life must be in Sapiro. His external nervousness is easily mistaken for boyish enthusiasm; underneath, one feels sure that a much more intense agitation goes on, which the smile and the air of assurance serve to conceal. Mixed with his sentiment, his softness, is something which at times glares with a terrible hardness. His sociability in a crowd stands in marked contrast to his psychic isolation in the presence of two or three. His humor is never whimsical or funny, and his seriousness is always over-serious. After listening to his interpretation of the coöperative movement, a group of New York radicals hailed him as the leader who might bring the farmers into their fold; shortly after, one of the "success" magazines printed a sketch of Sapiro. In the dinner scene described, Sapiro said to the chairman of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation: "Yes, Judge Gary, we have become prosperous by taking a leaf from your own note-book."

Leaders who cannot tolerate opposition ultimately supply their own. What is denied in the world of external relations affirms itself from within. The commodity coöperative associations which Sapiro organized so spectacularly might have succeeded more generally if malicious and fallacious counter-propaganda could have been avoided, but their success would have demanded evolving adjustments to human nature, the social process and a world of conflict. One kind of conflict might have furnished them with a living principle, namely, experimental conflict arising from inner and valid criticisms. But this is precisely the kind of conflict which Sapiro's personality does not permit itself—and his personality dominated the movement. Lacking this inner ferment, opposition was continuously centered upon the enemies from without; in the meantime, suppressed inner differences, disaffections, and doubtful practices led toward disintegration.

Much of the work which Sapiro did for bewildered farmers was well done and will not need to be done again; coöperative marketing as a principle has won its way, and Sapiro did more to that end than any other single individual. His achievement was both spectacular and momentous. Nor need his friends be concerned over Sapiro's future career as a lawyer; he lost his side of the recent Miller-Daugherty case, but he made a pronounced impression as a defensive strategist. One can only hope that, if he ever again turns his prodigious talents in the direction of social organization, he will have learned to resolve an integrative method with his apparent integrity of purpose.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

The Campus Martial

THE chronicle recorded below has no significance in itself. It can, no doubt, be duplicated on any of a dozen campuses where a small knot of students is idealistic and (to use the most damning epithet authority can apply) radical. It is recorded for two purposes: that the *enfants perdus* of campuses yet to awaken may be under no illusion as to what they will face; and in the hope that the voters who own a share in the State Universities will not forever leave student idealists to go to the lions alone.

A few days after the opening of the University of X, a student drifted into the University Y. M. C. A. office and asked casually, "How can a fellow get out of military training?" I replied—also casually—"The only way I know is to be a conscientious objector," and handed him a copy of the Longstreet pamphlet. A few days later I was called urgently by the major: Had I given a pamphlet to a student? Was I giving out these pamphlets promiscuously? If so, my office was simply working against his. . . . My next call was from the president, who had the pamphlet on his desk. Questions like the major's. *I* said that I was not giving out the pamphlets promiscuously and *he* that, though he would protect any University department in freedom of speech, he would regard as unfair an attack on military training by inciting students.

The second semester. Another student. He had already run his gauntlet and had come merely for sympathy. First, the major. They had had a long argument. "What church do you belong to?" asked the major.—"Baptist."—"Why then, you *can't* be a conscientious objector because that isn't in the Baptist creed!"—Finally the major said, "If you get excused you won't mind a little publicity, will you? When we publish the list of cadet officers, honors, etc., of course we might have to publish your name as the only conscientious objector."—"No indeed," said the boy, "publish anything you like."—"Oh," replied the major, crawling down, "we wouldn't really do that!" . . . Next, to Dean A, a very respectable member of the Methodist Church. He looked patronizingly at the boy, just through his two hours with the thumbscrews. "You ought to take military drill for your own good," he said. "It would put some iron into you" . . . Finally, a written petition to the Committee on Military Training, consisting of the same major, the same

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dean and one faculty man. Refused, of course. I said I thought he had no appeal from the committee but it would do no harm to try the president. He did and was excused. All honor to a broad-minded president, but how many boys would have lasted till they reached him?

It was in February that a coincidence occurred. A senior (therefore through with compulsory drill for himself) said he was getting ready to do something desperate about the war problem. I said I would hold his hat. The next day, by sheer chance, I was asked if we could use Thomas Q. Harrison at X University. I at once passed the word on to the senior, saying in effect, "The Y. M. C. A. had better not handle this, but if you can use him, he is yours." Now it happened that, on account of illness, Harrison never came, and the press notices were stopped just in time, but the student daily published an obscure note stating that he had been coming. . . . Again a call from the major: Was the paper correct in stating that Harrison had been coming? Under the Y. M. C. A.? If so, he intended to protest to the National Committee, for he was a Y man himself and he wouldn't stand for their sending out such a fellow as this Harrison—a dangerous radical, etc., etc.

Frankly tired of this censorship, I wrote the major a letter, in which I said two main things: (1) Harrison had not been coming under the Y. M. C. A. but if he had been, I would regard sponsoring him as quite within our rights and interference as unjustified. (2) In view of the several flurries that had occurred, I wished to remove myself personally from under suspicion and would therefore say outright what my position on war was: I was perfectly willing to die for my country, but I would refuse to shoot Mexicans for the oil barons. This letter I held unmailed, on the advice of the senior, who thought it too radical! (There's an ironical bit for the Youth Movement.)

Meanwhile, the senior had collected a small group, calling themselves the Optional Military Training League. Among them were the editor and business manager of the student magazine, an ex-wrestling captain who was also an honor society man, and a University debater—not all sissies and imbeciles, in other words. But thus far, owing to an understanding at the office of the student daily that military training was a forbidden subject, not the tiniest trickle of publicity had leaked out. The magazine, however, being under no such edict, was preparing an editorial that would make a major operation look like a pink tea. By another curious coincidence, Frederick J. Libby was due to speak that very week at the University Convocation. The only reason I was not censored again was that my original nomination of him had long since been lost sight of behind the Dean of Women (who approved of him) and the Convocation Committee (who actually invited him.) Plenty of censoring was done, but the president stood his ground.

At this juncture, the O. M. T. L. wanted to invite Mr. Libby to lunch, but hesitated to embarrass him with the administration. Accordingly, they went frankly to the president and put their cards down. He answered them kindly and frankly: they were free to oppose training as much as they liked; there was no lid on the press; he himself favored the compulsory feature only upon one ground—that he believed the corps would die without it. So the lid *was* off. Almost simultaneously the magazine came out, the daily announced the birth of the O. M. T. L., and Mr. Libby after Convocation lunched with the League. Please note that by the time of this luncheon the League was already a sturdy infant. Furthermore, Mr. Libby's address at Convocation was so moderate that the major himself was able to object to only one argument in it. Nevertheless, a prominent paper at the capital, which keeps a reserve officer on its staff (why and at whose instance?) stated along with a bundle of other misinformation that Frederick J. Libby had instigated the formation of the O. M. T. L. at X University. It can be said to its credit that when faced with the facts, this journal retracted, though condescendingly; less can be said for Dean B. He is a war-time colonel and a prominent Legionaire, who stands proudly beside Stephen Decatur and the Chicago Tribune. He addressed a parent-teachers' meeting a little later in the week. Precisely what he said is not known. He saw to that. The impression he left, as reported by those who heard him, was, in general content, almost identical with that of the city editorial. The students replied to the editorial and drew a semi-tolerant pat on the back. To the dean they could not even reply.

A few days after this, occurred my last accounting. A collection for the Student Friendship Fund was about to be arranged. As part of the publicity, the Y. M. C. A. put up in the gym a series of posters—the first headed "War Can Be Prevented" and the second "Stronger than Treaties." They were torn down, three days in succession. I initialed the next copies and in a few hours got my call—"What are these posters over here? . . . Well, they didn't say anything about the Friendship Fund. . . . I thought they were put up by H (the senior student) or B (the magazine editor). . . . No, none of our men tore them down." But the rest stayed up!

Then I mailed my letter. It resulted in an amicable conference. I will say for Major Z that he is a gentleman to the marrow, but of course we came out nowhere or (perhaps one should say) at Moscow; the letter he put to excellent use, as we shall see directly.

Meanwhile, the League had started petitions among the students. The major countered with a Defense League, readily organized out of cadet officers, past, present and hopeful. They circulated counter-petitions and they certainly did a good job.

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They took them into the compulsory military training classes, where they *watched* the freshmen and sophomores sign up; and into the fraternities of the cadet officers, where—Heaven help the non-conformist! It was naturally not much trouble to get four hundred signatures, which quite served their purpose. The Optional League, while going on quietly with its petition, also started a faculty canvass and the preparation of "Bulletin No. 1." The end of the school year overtook them; but they had interviewed a hundred and twenty-five faculty men and women, of whom about eighty were pro-optional; they had printed their bulletin; and they had produced a second knife-edged editorial in the magazine. They have, of course, only begun. . . . So far as I recall, the only *public* expression of approval that this brave little group ever received came from *the local Federation of Labor.*

Later, one other student—a member of the Y cabinet, a freshman and *(mirabile dictu)* a fraternity man—got excused on conscientious grounds. He had to run exactly the same gauntlet as the earlier one, except that the Methodist dean's remark to him was, "You'd better put your conscience in your pocket."

The last episode of the year revolved about my letter. The major, it transpired, had turned that over to Dean B, who (luckily) still had several more public speeches to make. During one (or more) of them, he read parts of the letter, drawing the moral that the Y. M. C. A. of X. U. and, for that matter, the National Y. M. C. A., was tainted with disloyalty and pacifism. I was engaged at the time in a financial canvass among alumni, several of whom refused gifts on this account; one twanged the old Moscow chord again. . . . Now that same month another dean—call him C—was elected to the Advisory Board of the Y. M. C. A. Soon after, owing to financial and personal reasons of long growth, and having no connection whatever with the military issue, I resigned. In accepting my resignation (which was quite the correct thing to do) this dean made an unexpected and a heated speech: the next secretary must (1) be loyal to his government and (2) not invite Negroes to dinner. (The juxtaposition of the issues is his, not mine!) He then nominated Dean B for membership on the Board, and he was elected. . . . These two men will now be among the official advisors of idealistic Christian youth at X University.

Let me repeat that the incidents of this chronicle at one of our smaller State Universities are trivial in themselves, but the cumulative force of deans, major, student goose-steppers and "faithful alumni"—one can only hope that it will some day be sensed as painfully by the voters of X as it was sensed by the *enfants perdus* of the University of X.

RAYMOND P. CURRIER.

Mr. Coolidge

I

As his portrait might be done by Philip Guedalla, in a volume to be called—shall we say?—"Sons of the World War."

POLITICS makes strange bedfellows. It is possible that this aphorism sustained the heart of a slightly bewildered but decorous governor, when he found himself involved in a *mariage de convenance* with the urbane and handsome Senator from Ohio. Six months before, a perspiring group of policemen in Boston had belligerently demanded a wage in keeping with a rising dignity and a rising cost of living. Someone pleaded for troops, state troops, invincible troops, and the governor, deeply convinced of the sanctity of peace and property, acquiesced. Before the tumult and the shouting died, a horde of collarless politicians, equally devoid of peace or property, united in vesting Calvin Coolidge with the vice-presidential dignity. Nothing was asked of him but decorum and silence, and of these he was able abundantly to give. Once more he acquiesced.

But his leader was less robust than his presidential frame would have indicated. One midnight, a rural father, stuttering with pride, administered an oath to a slightly less rural son, who, with a commendable, though unaffected, modesty, declared that he intended to follow the policies of the great, dead man. Decorum could do no less. It was an unpleasing problem, however, that the dead, and hence great, President had followed a mild and urbane course, without any policies whatever. So that the new incumbent fell back, not unwillingly, upon the virtues of his ancestors. The slowly revolving mind, with a fortunate astuteness, fixed upon economy as a rock of ages; and Babbits in noisy offices acclaimed the wisdom of their President. A trip to Chicago was toward. Some feverish reporter, newly elevated to the dignity of adviser, proclaimed to all the world the simplicity of this new Cincinnatus, who condescended to imbibe his matutinal coffee in the same smoke-polluted atmosphere as honeymooners from Buffalo and millinery buyers from St. Louis. His decorum was never shattered, and his silence might be due, not to confusion, but to a solomonic sagacity. The American people, concealing a large sentimentality under an incisive boisterousness, chose to believe the more agreeable alternative. In vast numbers, they voted Coolidge once more into office, and closed their eyes to his retreating chin.

II

Coolidge, the Man Nobody Understands—an editorial which could have been written (but wasn't) by Bruce Barton for the American Magazine.

Why does nobody understand him?

Because he is a simple man in a complicated age; a modest man in a blatant, brassy, braggadocio age; a silent man in a yelling, shrieking, shouting age; a conservative, in an age when red Bolshevism disguises itself as liberalism, when half-baked parlor reformers refer to themselves as the in-

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telligentsia. In an age of spendthrifts, he has never ceased to talk economy. He is an honest man, in an age of bootleggers. Who is left to understand him?

Yet I might have called this article, "The Man Everybody Admires." He is the sixth President to reach office through the death of his predecessor, but the second to be renominated on his own account. Unlike Roosevelt, he had little time, before renomination, to impress himself upon the country. Yet his majority was one of the largest in our history. An overwhelming percentage of those Americans who do not understand him, love and trust him.

Why?

They see in him, first, the ideal of every boy's dream—the poor lad, of humble origin, practically self-educated—he is a graduate of Amherst—who rose by slow, steady, sure steps from city clerk to city councillor, from city councillor to city solicitor, member of General Court and mayor. He was lieutenant-governor before he was governor, as he was vice-president before he assumed the greater dignity.

They love him because, although there are references to his humor, they have never been authenticated. The American people want no clown in high office. The laborer who buys a Ford at five dollars down, the book-keeper who mortgages his home to buy a Dodge, the millionaire who manipulates the stock-market to buy a yacht, all love and trust the President who refused, because of the expense, to travel in a private car.

They love him because he is changeless as the ages. Through all, he has kept the same immobile countenance, the same immobile mind, the same homely embarrassment when the limelight glares upon him. He has kept his simple unquestioning faith in God, the American people and the high tariff. He clings to his friends until they are proven guilty, to his party, to his principles.

This is the man nobody understands, and, without understanding, loves. This is the man who has won elective office after office, who is our President and will be our next President and who, his task completed in silence as it was begun silently, will modestly and simply return to pitching hay, still beloved and still misunderstood.

ROSALIND A. SCHWAB.

Creatures

The Little Fox

That sidling creature is a little fox:
Like other canine he is leashed and led:
He goes upon the sidewalk; houses tower;
Men trample; horses rear; he drags his leash.

Did not I
Once know a lad from Irrus, where they leave
Mittens for foxes, where they invite
A fox to a child's christening, where they have
Foxes as gossips to their boys and girls?

Would that a lad from Irrus now was here
To tell his gossip that a human creature
Has heart for him, and fain would cover up
His bowels of dread, and find some way to bring
The rainy hills around him, the soft grass,
Darkness of ragged hedges, and his earth—
The black, damp earth under the roots of trees!
That long-nosed skulker is a little fox:
Would that a lad from Irrus now was here
Where houses tower and where horses rear!

The Jackdaw

Aloof from his tribe
On the elm tree's top,
A Jackdaw perched
A hand's reach up.

Silent he sat
On the branch, nor stirred,
And I saw in him
A changeling bird.

Grass was worn
Round pots and a pan,
A flea-bitten horse,
And a tilted van;

Where tinker's or gypsy's
Brats at play
Made vagrant's game of
Some citizen's way.

I looked on the changeling
Bird, beguiled:
I saw a vagrant
From the wild.

The entail broken,
What had he?
The humor of one
Out of his degree.

The franchise of one
Without kith or kind
And also the pauper's
Single-mind.

He flew; his flight
Neither high nor wide,
Was a vagabond's
To a seedsman's stride.

A dog on the ground
Was rubbing for fleas;
Rags were there—
He fluttered to these.

Held a bright rag up
Like a flag of his own,
And went and hid it
Behind a stone.

PADRAIC COLUM.

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Washington Notes

IN THE big wet newspapers of the East, a tremendous hullabaloo was raised last week over the reinstatement, as the active directing head of the governmental agencies charged with prohibition enforcement, of the more or less distinguished Major Haynes of Ohio, the well known Anti-Saloon League favorite. Nearly two years ago, he was towed out on a side track, and his triumphant return to power is the most striking evidence we have yet had of the dominating influence—when they choose to bear down—of the League leaders at the White House.

The wet press howled, all right, but to no real purpose. They had a splendid case, a genuine grievance, a chance to convict the Coolidge administration of almost unprecedented political subservience, and of extreme political cowardice practised at the expense of efficiency and in spite of the mortification caused to the responsible head of the department, against whose advice, desire and judgment the action was taken. The wet press had, in fact, the best chance it has had this year to make a real dent in the dry line-up. So did the valiant wet leaders, inside Congress and outside. But they did not utilize it.

Why was the protest against Major Haynes, under whom prohibition enforcement had, two years before, almost completely broken down, so ineffective? For one thing, the wet leaders, Democratic and Republican, appear to be too thick in the head to grasp the real meaning of this sort of politics. For another, the newspapers with Republican affiliations and leanings—and that includes nine-tenths of them—are completely ham-strung and handicapped by the ridiculous state to which they have been reduced. Through three years they have held hard to the notion that there is, in this little man they have put in the presidency, real substance and strength; and now they are unable to fire a shot at him without danger of hitting themselves.

It was thoroughly silly to criticize General Andrews for yielding to presidential pressure, and it was even sillier to froth at the mouth about the alleged wickedness of Wayne B. Wheeler. What, in heaven's name, do they expect these gentlemen to do? Do they expect General Andrews to throw up his job in disgust, and denounce the President of the United States for having double-crossed him? If General Andrews did that—and he has had some provocation—the whole journalistic army would come down on him like several tons of bricks. How many of the wet leaders and the wet press would stand by the General if he launched an attack on Mr. Coolidge? The answer is, only those whose Democratic flavor is so pronounced that criticism of Coolidge from them is invariably discounted and ineffective.

And as to Mr. Wheeler, where is the sense in attacking him for putting back his friend, Major Haynes? Mr. Wheeler is the paid representative of the Anti-Saloon League in Washington. Part of his job is to use the political power of the League to bend the President to the League's way of thinking. Can he be blamed for doing all he could to swing Mr. Coolidge to support his man? If he didn't, he would be untrue to his employer, and ought to be kicked out of his job. He did do all he could, and it was enough. Yet the wet Republican papers and the wet leaders have criticized him, as well as General Andrews, and even, in a scared way, the sainted Mr. Mellon himself, who appears to have been more or less a puppet in the whole business and apparently, notwithstanding the statement given out in his name, did not know what it was all about. The man whom they do not criticize is the one really responsible, to wit, Calvin Coolidge.

Really, when you think it over, the curious and extraordinary immunity of Mr. Coolidge to newspaper criticism is just about the most interesting political phenomenon of the period. Here, for reasons purely political and of such direct personal interest that it is not possible to mistake them, he yields to dictation from the Anti-Saloon League and does an indefensible thing. He offers not the least explanation that would hide its crudity. The result is evidence of his wisdom. His confidence was not misplaced. With any other President, I believe the press would have rung with the charge that he had humiliatingly surrendered to the dry leaders in order to solidify their political support for himself.

I realize that, by the time this piece appears in print, the Haynes appointment will seem pretty stale stuff. One reason why I comment on it at this length now is because of my conviction that, before Congress meets again, there will be developments under Mr. Haynes of a kind to center public attention on him again. This effort of Mr. Coolidge to tie the dry forces tighter to himself will not be without its kick-back. There are promises of certain happenings, of which I am not now at liberty to speak, but which will, I think, be of pretty general interest.

Another reason is that, notwithstanding the advice of the financial angels of the Democratic party and the disposition of certain Democratic Senators (who themselves dream of the presidency) to pussyfoot on the liquor issue, my strong belief is that, in both conventions, next time, it will be far more vital than it has ever been before. And if, as seems likely, Mr. Coolidge and Governor Smith are the opposing candidates in 1928, modification of the Volstead Act cannot fail to be the dominant question, notwithstanding the foolish words of Senator Borah at Utica, where he predicted that Smith would be for the Eighteenth Amendment and would "make the people believe in it."

What rot that is! What has got into Senator Borah, anyhow? On the same day that the esteemed New York Times quoted him to the above effect concerning Governor Smith and the Eighteenth Amendment, he was also quoted as saying that "Mr. Coolidge is entitled to renomination if he wants it." Does he mean that Mr. Coolidge is entitled to renomination because of his domestic policies, nearly every one of which Senator Borah has consistently opposed? Or does he mean he is entitled to renomination because of his foreign policies, which Borah has denounced on the floor of the Senate and elsewhere, and is still denouncing? Or does he mean that he should be renominated because of the character of his appointments, to the confirmation of the most conspicuous of which Senator Borah has offered as much resistance as he well could? What does Senator Borah mean? What's the matter with him? It is not like him to talk privately one way and publicly another. There must be an explanation. Perhaps it will develop later.

Washington. T. R. B.

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Clemence Dane's New Play

Mariners, by Clemence Dane. Plymouth Theater, March 28, 1927.

I REMEMBER, three or four seasons ago when Miss Clemence Dane's play, "A Bill of Divorcement," was brought to town, very well cast and well acted, and the cheering was high and sweeping, that I was graceless enough to point out the two distinct aspects of this author's work.

On one side there was a daring and remarkable theatrical sense, a power to project an outline in itself moving and to feel in dramatic terms, to dissect and combine character motives, that had an astonishing fullness and persuasion. It was only natural that such a press of emotion and such glaring analysis, with some degree of feminine pathos always inherent, should set off admiration and superlatives. But, together with that lofty, solitary and bold effect, there was, on the other side, an equally astonishing, and to me quite devastating, lack of style and taste now and again. At times, the writing dropped to sheer trash, novelistic and sentimental, as famished and yearning as—to quote the great Congreve—an old maid at a wedding. This trait, in all its falseness and trashiness, was typified, I remember, in one sentence. The woman has long debated the case of her husband, deranged by the War. She is in love with another man, and, in the hopelessness of things, at last decides to take him. The husband returns, the decision must be made; what shall she do? She puts it thus: it is hard, hard for a woman to see the sun shining on the other side of the road and not cross over. Which neither Miss Dell nor Madame Glyn—now appearing in person in her picture, "It"—could well surpass.

The case of Miss Dane's "Will Shakespeare" was all too similar. There were passages in that play where something was said new to the theater, beautiful new emotional or psychological motives, in beautiful poetic words. And the frame of the play was perhaps courageous. But its complete conception was tedious and all too tortuously feministic. With this new play, "Mariners," accordingly, what might easily be probable has happened. The outline is weaker, the dramatic projection all through is weaker; for the power to create in dramatic patterns, forceful and carrying, cannot be summoned at will. The patter of words, however, and the novelist's fiction and psychology run on forever. "Mariners" is deadly with talked motives, flat and arbitrary analyses, and an exhausting determination to lay out a theme.

The plot pattern of "Mariners," in so far as there is any, for the play wanders between two situations with an underlying unity implied in the theme, which is something about the sea of life where the weak pulls down the strong, the plot pattern is weak and never takes hold, never sways us, never glows into theater. The rector sits with Lady Sarah's family. We learn that he has married, years ago, a girl from a lodging-house or something, whom he loves and who loves him. They quarrel; her vulgarity of origin and nature makes her impossible socially; her jealousy makes a sickness in the house. He, meanwhile, has earned the respect of the parish, though his friends wonder why his Oxford brilliance never brought him to a bishop's seat. Lady Sarah's daughter loves a young man who has been wrecked by the War. He has all the faults of the war-wrecked young man in post-war fiction; the girl with her health, independence and ability to make her own living is his dramatic foil. This Dane young lady, capably portrayed by Miss Mary Kennedy, is the cousin of those Galsworthy post-war and new-freedom daughters, who are so obviously fabricated and so free and arch. In the second act we see the vicar and his wife; she has locked him out all night in a fit of jealousy at his lateness in coming home from choir practice at Lady Sarah's across the way. The writing here picks up, or Miss Lord perhaps picks it up; the passion, remorse, vanity, torture and wretchedness of these two people who love each other are movingly portrayed. The husband succumbs to influenza, from visiting the plague-stricken cottages and from exposure to the rain; against his wife's wishes he answers the call to a deathbed; he has an attack in the cottager's house, dies there. Lady Sarah's sister-in-law, Ann, and the young lady come to see the widow; Ann, who has herself long but respectably loved the rector, gives the widow a dressing down for all she has made her husband suffer. The wife wanders out and dies on her husband's grave, after some misleading clues on the dramatist's part about the convenient pond. In the last act, Lady Sarah's family talk again, and are as flat as before, and the strong young lady marries the wrecked young man, who, with the searching party of the night, has felt his old command come back to him and who, through the recommendation of the dead rector, has the offer of a good position.

I retell this Dellish story only to observe that it must be a subject of wonder sometimes to intelligent people to see how in the theater we will sit and listen to stuff that in a book we would pass on to the servants. The answer, of course, lies in the nature of the theater art, its strange vividness, its contagious animation, and in the acting.

Mr. Arthur Wontner plays the rector with refinement and taste, though the role remains unexplored by the dramatist, and coated with the treacle of the familiar rector tradition in sentimental fiction. Miss Haidee Wright has a fine art to bring to the part of the sister-in-law who keeps house for Lady Sarah and is so quietly and enduringly in love with the rector. But the character is so poorly written, her special scene—the one in which she breaks out at the widow—is so flatly led up to, and her speeches in the last act are so speciously poetical, that Miss Wright can do little with it.

Miss Pauline Lord gave a tremendous performance. This Lily of hers, with all that defeated gentleness and passion toward her husband, all that uncontrollable temper and mad jealousy, is one of the fine things of the year. Miss Lord confuses you, makes you think this dramatist writing "Mariners" knew terrible, tragic depths beyond description. You say to yourself, what torment, what starved sweetness, what defeat and back-wash of life, what destruction, what quivering and overwhelming pain! Then you think on those first moments after her entrance, when the woman comes down the stair after keeping her husband locked out all night, and walks about the room, moving this or that, starting to poke the fire, throwing down the irons and so on. You realize that for the most part in written form this matter is within the reach of almost any author; what is so

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telling about it is that movement of Miss Lord's, those fluttering hands, that timing of those actions with the poker or the dressmaking form or the window blinds.

The method that Miss Pauline Lord employs in "Mariners" is her familiar and unvaried one. The voice maneuvers, the exact and poignant realism, the pathetic abandonment, and the time rhythms in speech and gesture and stage movement, are the same. But it is impressive to see her, in this new role, put more violence and power into voice and action than ever before. She takes a much less elaborate or detailed piece of character writing than Anna Christie or the heroine of "They Knew What They Wanted," and fills it out to a consistency beyond them. She creates a bolder and more tragic quality than ever before; what she gives us now is less pitiful and defeated and more tragic and ominous. She strikes, too, a firmer outline for the whole, and gives more and demands more.

STARK YOUNG.

A Mechanic for Magnificence

CARL SANDBURG has a new publisher. Harcourt, Brace and Company still have the words he cares to run out of his typewriter, but the Victor Talking Machine Company has his voice. In this day of the divorce between the formal practice of poetry as a profession and the art of speaking and singing, the usual comment may merely be: "I didn't know Carl could sing spirituals."

But suppose he finds an audience in this new medium. He might, just possibly, deliver us all from bondage of the printed page—all, that is, except those poets who want to copy the old forms that lie on better established pages, and the single-handed Mr. Cummings, who has applied himself to the art of making type wiggle and twist right off into the margin. The Victor Talking Machine Company hasn't asked for a recording of "Cool Tombs"; but give it time. "Number 20135—A, Baritone with Guitar, the Boll Weevil." And, on the other side, three spirituals.

Sandburg's singing is not professional. But the complete ease and the marvelously subtle sense of rhythm are both by-products of his experience as a poet and the cause of it. A rich, throaty voice comes from between the little doors after a few twangs on the guitar:

> O, the Boll Weevil
> Am
> a little black bug
> come from Mex i co they say

The pace is perfect, both here and in the three religious fragments:

> I walk in the moonlight
> I walk in the starlight
> I lay ay ay this bod dy down
> I go to Judgment
> In the evening of the day
> When I lay ay ay this bod dy down

The record whirrs and goes on into blunt noise. That is all, except for a series of speculations set spinning by its motion.

Perhaps poetry won't perish after all, in between skyscrapers, under concrete and steel. Perhaps, if it has a chance to become a sung and spoken matter, coming nimbly off the tongue to invade a mortal ear. There is just a chance, tangled up in the wire antennæ of the broadcasting stations—etched for the needle on the lacquered cart wheels of the phonograph record.

Now poetry lies soldered down to the page of a book, in parallel lines of black letters, waiting for the eye to travel from left to right and pick up its meaning. The eye gets it off the page, and a subdued sense of the rhythm which it has never yet quite achieved invades the reader's body. There is a very lax sense of sound, as if music were being played in a hall closet. And that is all. Almost never does the modern reader know anything about the organic fulfillment of words conveying a perfect oneness of sense and music. Poetry has existed in books for so long that we have all come to suppose that it belongs there. And slowly (for so do things interact) poetry has been adapting itself to that tacit assumption. It is now required only to play a thin and inoffensive music, because there is no test, space, or echo, for the full voice. It is no longer conditioned by its primary condition.

Poetry should take place in an instant of time in order to belong to the world of events, that world of divine happenings which Dr. Whitehead describes in his philosophy of organism.

The trouble with a read and recalled poem is that it does not take place in a given moment, at top speed. It is arrived at by slow degrees, and so is blurred. A poem should have the immediacy of an ejaculation; it should be followed by silence.

Now, having lost its medium and its immediacy, modern poetry has plunged into an even more fatal artificiality, in order to give itself color and appeal. When the troubadours sang and recited, poetry was less personal than it is now, bound up at two dollars a volume for three hundred readers. And when our mothers and fathers, in their quaint way, retired under the lamp-shades to read it aloud, or recited it at parties, the I of the lyric poem was not the poet, but the speaker and the listener. Now, since poetry is no longer said, but merely noticed, it must proceed on the manufactured personality of the poet. Hence the "Profiles," the "Searchlights," the interminable interviews; the entire boredom of the gossip columns.

To put it briefly, we want the old ingredient of power that comes from the purity of the impersonal. Nobility in person comes dangerously near priggishness, and should. The attributes of god-like figures, the forces of nature and voices that speak without individual limitation, have not been common with us of late. The Greeks created the Delphic oracle, and contrived masks for faces and stilts to walk on, and got—magnificence. Our poet might hide in a little mahogany box or behind a microphone, and then whip the air with a good poem. He would be, for the first time in history, not even a showman, or a troubadour, but just a voice, permitted by a little instrument to exist.

Now, more than ever, men disbelieve in the dignity of themselves. But now, more than in the last few generations, they are again in an attitude of worship, or of dizzy respect for the natural world which is turning vast and magical before the delicate instruments of their science. The look on the face of a radio fan when he describes the laws

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of his little contrivance is a better thing for poetry than any number of poetry societies.

The elegant bourgeois victrola and the ugly radio may, just possibly, give our hibernating verse its old valid medium again—purer than ever before. Think of the experiments, not on paper, but conditioned by a new method, involving a new technique; amplifiers like those used to report political conventions at Madison Square Garden bawling "The Congo." Or an unearthly voice from somewhere overhead saying:

I looked in my heart as the wild swans went over . . .

Even better, the poems not yet written.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Conference on War Debts

SIR: The problem of the war debts has become, in one respect, similar to a religious issue. Almost everyone who participates in the discussion adds to the volume of confusion. If that is true of the Professors' manifesto and Secretary Mellon's reply, it is equally true of your editorial of March 30. Let me quote one of your sentences. "They are, it is admitted, debts which were contracted in exceptional circumstances, a fact which justifies some scaling down of the face value, but they remain valid obligations, which the debtor should redeem up to the limit of his ability." If there is any fact in the circumstances of origin of these debts which "justifies some scaling down of the face value," it is obvious that this scaling down should take place before we can measure "valid obligations" and apply the principle of ability to pay.

This, I believe, is a good starting point for the discussion. Can we make any useful distinctions in the matter of the purposes to which the money raised for the Allies was used? We know that part of the money was used to extinguish debts contracted in this country before we went into the War. Part of it was used to stabilize Allied exchange; part, to supply Allied civilians with food and industrial materials; part, to cover purchases made after the Armistice. All such items ought to constitute valid debts.

Another part of the money was spent for munitions and provisions for the Allied soldiers holding the line against the common enemy: our line, too, from the moment we got into the War. For, whether the ultimate objectives of the War were common or not, once we were in, victory was the immediate common cause. It was a terribly significant cause, too, as we all felt at that time, when we estimated the losses and cost of an additional year of war.

There are sound reasons, it seems to me, for holding that loans for this purpose should have been regarded as gifts. And the only valid objection, morally, to regarding them as such is the fact that the Allies charged us good prices for similar items when we got into the fighting line. The British taxed us well for transporting our soldiers to France to relieve British soldiers at the front. The French charged us full rates on their railways and turned many an honest penny in supplying us with munitions we lacked. We may recall the rumor circulated by the pro-Germans that the French were demanding a rental for the trenches we took over. It was not true, but if it had been true, the scandal would not have been much greater than that of treating other essential military expenses as strictly commercial items. Both America and the Allies did that, but America got in deepest.

Evidently, if there are moral grounds for subtracting from the total volume of the Allied debts to America such parts as represent military expenditures in the common cause of victory, there are equally good grounds for going over the records and establishing, as an offset, sums exacted from us by the Allies in payment for military services and supplies. The difference might properly be deducted from the face value of the debt, irrespective of ability to pay.

This abatement would be much smaller than is generally assumed, in Europe or even in America. There is an almost universal belief that virtually the whole face value of the debts represents military outlays for the common cause. If the United States were to propose an investigation of the accounts by an impartial international commission, it is rather doubtful that the debtor nations would accede with real enthusiasm. From some points of view, the debtor nations would prefer a somewhat larger debt figure, all of it morally clouded, to a smaller figure morally clean. But they could hardly reject an invitation from America to come into a conference to reduce the face value of their debt.

The volume of debt that remained would, in every case except that of England, exceed capacity to pay. It would, therefore, still be open to us to demand another international conference, to subject the question of capacity to pay to an intelligent examination. The Debt Funding Commission and Secretary Mellon assumed that capacity could be determined for each particular nation. How unwarranted this assumption is becomes apparent, when one observes Secretary Mellon himself figuring German reparations into Allied capacity. The reparations item, like the capacity of each debtor nation, depends on the whole international situation. If so much is exacted of Germany as to force her into the position of a chronic cut-throat competitor in the international market, the capacity of England, France and Italy to pay will be notably diminished. On this ground, if not on other grounds, America would be justified in demanding a reconsideration of the reparations problem along with the Allied debts.

Your final paragraph seems to me the most confusing part of your argument. You want to utilize the debts as an agency for peace. "Those Americans," you say, "who hope that the influence of their country can still be used to help European pacification are defeating their own purpose by insisting on the moral invalidity of the war debts." Whatever our purposes may be, we are not justified in importing them into the discussion of moral validity or invalidity. If an analysis of the circumstances of origin of these debts forced us to the conclusion that we could not honorably collect on them, we should stand before the world as egregious hypocrites if we "insisted" on their moral validity in order to use them for some purpose of our own, however holy. As it happens, the items of debt rightfully due us are quite sufficient as a basis for negotiations, if we have the skill to use them.

It is hard to imagine the United States going into a conference and offering to cut its claims on the Allies in return for more lenient treatment of Germany. It is not hard to imagine our going into a conference to determine: first, the volume of our morally valid claims, and, second, capacity to pay in the light of the international situation. And such a conference would inevitably bring in the reparations question—and very likely lead to revision. Can one conceive of French representatives in such a conference seriously arguing that France can't pay, say, $150,000,000 a year, but that Germany can pay $625,000,000? We should be in a position to demand a reduction of the indemnity, not as a *quid pro quo* for reducing our own claims, but as a logical application of the principle of capacity to pay, and in the interest of the general economic stability of the world. ALVIN JOHNSON.

New York City.

"The Poetry of Hart Crane"

SIR: I found in Mr. Waldo Frank's diagram, in "The Poetry of Hart Crane," appearing in the New Republic of March 16, a most helpful clue to much of Mr. Frank's criticism. In Mr. Frank's consciousness, a calls forth A, and b, B. Then if a resembles or equals b, he flies to the conclusion that A equals B. Thus he saw in Arthur Dove's paintings a resemblance to pregnancy, and promptly cried that art in America was about to be reborn. Or again, Virginia Woolf's novels are pleasing, and are therefore intended to please, and art with an aim is despicable and utilitarian, and therefore Mrs. Woolf's novels are utilitarian and deplorable. Or at least, that seemed to be the drift of his remarks.

As for Hart Crane: Mr. Frank unwisely quoted, so did not do him too great a disservice. MYRA MARINI.

Passaic, New Jersey.

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The Holy Roman

James Bryce, by H. A. L. Fisher. New York: The Macmillan Company. Two vols. 720 pages. $8.

THE reader of these two exemplary volumes, memorials of an exemplary life, is nevertheless forced to ask himself why the record is not more interesting. There is no doubt that the life itself was interesting to the liver of it. As Mr. Fisher remarks, Bryce had every satisfaction that one can ask, except children. He had a career of extraordinary variety and success. At Glasgow, where his father was schoolmaster, he gained the sound elementary education which enabled him easily to take honors at the University and at Oxford. As a young man, he achieved a great and permanent triumph in the world of scholarship and letters with "The Holy Roman Empire." As Regius Professor of Civil Law, he prolonged his enjoyment of the academic society of Oxford to which his fellowship at Oriel had introduced him. His career at the bar was not noteworthy, but it took him into politics, and for a quarter of a century he profited by a safe seat in Parliament, and three times, for short periods, shared the glory of the Cabinet. His "American Commonwealth" made him the best known Englishman on this side of the Atlantic, and prepared the way for a distinguished and intimate career as Ambassador. He was an immense traveler, and visited nearly every part of the globe except Tibet and Ethiopia. He had a keen sense of the physical beauty of the world; and science and history kept this stage alive for him with the cosmic and human drama, in which he took an esthetic as well as an intellectual interest. He had religious faith; he had alert sympathies. He had, and was, the best of friends. For physical enjoyment he had two great resources, climbing mountains and bathing in remote seas. "There was in Bryce to the end," says his biographer, "mingled with spaces of quiet thought and contemplation the eagerness and rushing activity of youth."

Why, then, is his biography not a greater book—for it must be admitted that it is not to be placed beside Spender's "Campbell-Bannerman," or Gardiner's "Harcourt," to say nothing of Guedalla's "Palmerston" and Raymond's "Rosebery." The truth is that Bryce, though his mind was crowded with interests, had not an interesting mind. Mr. Fisher notes that "he was a man of facts and feelings rather than of fine-spun arguments about the Absolute, of active rather than speculative energies." He had no play of light and shade in his intellectual life, no variableness in his esthetic. As a Scotsman, he was one of those with whom Charles Lamb would have confessed his imperfect sympathies. "His Minerva is born in panoply. . . . You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests anything but unlades his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. . . . He has no falterings of self-suspicion. . . . The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either." Bryce's writing shows this lack of temperament. There is nothing sudden about it—no surprise. An inexhaustible collector of facts and a master of lucid arrangement and statement, he was not a great writer. With all the resources of the world of the past and of the present at command, he never lived up to his opportunities. His results in literature, as in action, fall below the expectation excited by his preparation.

Mr. Fisher gives a simple narrative of Bryce's career, interspersed with bundles of his letters. Both narrative and letters in the first volume are largely concerned with travel. Bryce was at Oxford when Ruskin was opening the eyes of England to the beauty of landscape, and he developed for himself a very pretty talent for description. His chief exploits in mountain-climbing were some ascents with Leslie Stephen in the Caucasus and that of Mount Ararat, which he made alone. Aside from these adventures, the chief interest in his travels is the intelligent observations to which they gave rise. As a traveler, Bryce was the opposite of Count Keyserling. The latter seeks to immerse himself in the peoples whom he visits, to let their thought penetrate and color his own inner life. Bryce is a determined extrovert; he gives no evidence of having an inner life. To see all the visible and hear all the audible, to climb the mountains and swim in the rivers, to talk with the extant inhabitants and read the books of the others, and then to reduce the whole mass of impressions and information to order—this is the aim of his physical and intellectual conquest of the earth.

Bryce's career in Parliament was not exciting, and Mr. Fisher does not dwell upon it. On two occasions he seems to have confronted difficult decisions. In the late nineties, he had written his book on South Africa, and he knew how criminally needless was the war against the Boers. In the split of the Liberal party, he remained with Campbell-Bannerman and Morley, denouncing the war, and the means used to carry it on—Kitchener's proclamation of the Boers as rebels, the execution of their captured leaders, the burning of farms, and the imprisonment of women and children in the concentration camps. Again, in August, 1914, Mr. Fisher tells us that he had similar doubts; but, unlike Morley, he swallowed them, and went into the War fullheartedly, to do his bit with the Bryce report on German atrocities in Belgium. These moments of hesitation on the threshold of war were the two most interesting and illuminating periods in the whole career of the Scotsman's mind. We could wish that Mr. Fisher had explored them further.

A large part of the second volume is occupied by letters which Bryce wrote, after 1914, to a group of Americans of the patrician class with whom he found, it would seem, his closest intellectual kinship—Theodore Roosevelt, James Ford Rhodes, President Charles W. Eliot, President A. Lawrence Lowell, Mr. Moorfield Storey, etc. Bryce was able to treat his doubts about the War as he treated those about religion. Once, when Sir Leslie Stephen was parading his agnosticism, Bryce asked him "to break off the argument on the ground that it gave him pain to hear it." In this spirit he accepted Sir Edward Grey's account of the origin of the struggle. "The violation of a small and innocent country by a great Power expressly pledged to defend it, was so flagrant a transgression of elementary morality, that he saw no alternative but to fight and to the end." Neither Bryce nor his biographer refers to the military conversations of French and English staff officers, or to Sir Edward Grey's committals to France. Bryce naturally did his best through his pro-British friends to bring the United States into the War on the side of the Allies. He blamed Wilson for pointing out the similarity of the announced war aims of the two parties, as having, in Mr. Fisher's delicate terms, "lost sight of the great moral perspective of the quarrel." So far as Mr. Fisher informs us, he made no effort to check the madness of the khaki election which returned Lloyd George to power, pledged to hang the Kaiser and make Germany alone pay for the War. Instead, he holds Wilson entirely responsible for the fiasco at Paris. "Why did he not begin in Paris by declaring that America could pay no regard to the secret Treaties, and that she would insist on a strict application of the fourteen points?

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He could have done it." Undoubtedly Wilson was taken in adultery, but it does not seem becoming for Bryce to cast the stone.

For the rest, Bryce could divide his indignation between the Bolshevists and the Labor party. Of the former he writes: "Half of them are said to be pro-Germans, mostly rogues—the rest, crack-brained enthusiasts intoxicated with high-sounding phrases." He objects to "the amount of sympathy which these detestable Bolshevist ruffians have been receiving in England." To Bryce, as a Liberal, a class party was anathema. "Those who ought to lead the middle class by their intelligence have mostly gone over to what is called Labor, but is really revolution." But there is something more painful than this. We can forgive prejudice in a Scotsman, but not bunk. Imagine Bryce, who knew the United States so well and had written of it so soundly, solemnly declaring: "There are three things which are especially dear to the American heart. One of these is freedom; the second is international law and practice; the third is tenderness and compassion for innocence and suffering." The fact that this was in the House of Lords is, of course, an extenuating circumstance.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

An Intellectual Genius

Psychology and Ethnology, by W. H. R. Rivers. Edited with preface and introduction by G. Elliot Smith. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 324 pages. $5.

IS genius limited to the creation of beautiful things, or does it also extend to the profuseness, the richness and originality of purely intellectual processes? Of the latter, whether it be genius or not, W. H. R. Rivers was a case in point.

He began as a medical student, and as house physician in two London hospitals was closely associated first with Dr. Gee, an eminent neurologist, and then with Dr. Henry Head, now a still more celebrated neurologist, at that time a young man just back from Germany and the psychological laboratory of the great Hering. Under these influences, Rivers began to publish studies, first on such subjects as paralysis and epilepsy, and then on the psychology of vision, which he, too, went to Germany to investigate. Returning from Jena, he taught experimental psychology at the University of London and lectured at Cambridge on the sense organs. By the end of the century he was an official lecturer at Cambridge and had contributed a masterly treatise on vision to Schäfer's "Physiology." He had attained general recognition and, in a sense, consummated one career.

In his second career he was an ethnologist. He was invited, on account of his celebrity as a physiological psychologist, to be a member of an expedition to study the Torres Straits Islanders. But from the investigation of the vision of primitive men he went quickly to the whole problem of primitive society. This expedition was therefore followed by another to Egypt, another to India, and yet another to the South Sea Islands. He produced a large treatise on the Todas, and a still weightier monograph on "The History of Melanesian Society." This established, if it did not quite complete, the second career, and brings Rivers up to the War.

This was his psychiatric period. He was drawn into the treatment of shell shock, or war neurosis, and was quick to see the pertinence of psychoanalysis to many of the problems of the military hospital. Thus he threw himself with his accustomed zest into the re-interpretation of the Freudian theories in the light of his war experience, producing another volume, "Instinct and the Unconscious," of which an appendix is reprinted in the present collection. This book, the most widely read and noticed of his treatises, focused the third of his careers.

In spite of tremendous productivity, Rivers' life was too short to permit the completion of a fourth career. Nevertheless, his many scattered papers gave some hint of what it might have been, hints that throw also a cross-illumination on his previous work. To understand them, we must consider the posture of British anthropology in his time. When Rivers began to work, the British school of anthropologists, led by their prophet, Tylor, were under the strong influence of biological evolution and the principle of "convergence." Darwin had made the discovery of similar but unrelated species, in similar but widely separated habitats, one of his strong arguments for the theory of development. Anthropologists did the same. Certain social practices are discovered in widely separated regions. Were they carried from one region to the other, or did they develop independently? To assume the latter, we must suppose that some faculty of the human mind disposes men to behave in certain ways whenever they can. As a (nineteenth-century) psychologist the young Rivers was prepared to go along with this idea. The opposite theory is that "culture traits" are "diffused" from one people to another; and the last extremity of "diffusionism" is, of course, the supposition that all culture can be ultimately traced to one diffusion center. This view in its most extreme form is held now by Professor Elliot Smith, the editor of the present volume. He holds Egypt to be the universal source, and has adduced some extraordinary evidence to support his theory. For example, Elliot Smith and his disciple, Mr. W. J. Perry, hold that all dolmens, megalithic monuments and the like, are of Egyptian origin. These are found, scatteringly, all over the world. It is necessary to account for their presence, and the idea is accordingly advanced that they are found in the neighborhood of mines. Thus the Egyptian wanderings are motivated: they came to trade or to despoil. This is an extremely tenuous argument, too tenuous for the critical temper of the Americans. Here, under the critical influence of Professor Franz Boas, anthropologists have eschewed extremes. Beginning with the specific historical problems of specific peoples, they have gone on to inquire, as Professor Lowie once put it, not "What is the law of history?" but "Are any general laws discernible within the purlieus of our evidence?" To men in this frame of mind, no one universal principle has yet proved satisfactory. The Egyptian theory has been greeted in America with loud and raucous laughter.

But Rivers seems to have accepted it. While he was working over the Melanesian material, he suffered an extensive change of mind. Beginning a convergencist, he found himself confronted with clear evidence of diffusion from without—from unknown migrants. He did not leap from this to any general conclusion. His inferences were most cautious. But the virus of diffusion was in his blood. He seems from then on, increasingly, to have felt the need of a universal theory of history that would trace the tangled threads of culture traits to the first ultimate source of civilization. His mind was prepared for the Egyptian evidence; and in his later years he seems to have accepted it.

The present essays not only illustrate the main checkers of his three careers; they trace also the stages of this latest development, and may indicate to some readers what his last

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period might have been. Rivers might have become an historian on a universal scale. He was, perhaps, a sort of H. G. Wells of science who died in the prime of life, just short of his "Outline of History." Of the value of his early work there can be no doubt. It was the output of a genius. But what would Shelley have written at the age of sixty-five? Opinions must always differ on the loss which posterity has sustained through Rivers' death.

C. E. AYRES.

Gertrude Stein

The Making of Americans, by Gertrude Stein. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $12.50.

Composition as Explanation, by Gertrude Stein. London: The Hogarth Press. 59 pages. 3s. 6d.

Three Lives, by Gertrude Stein. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

"THREE LIVES," Gertrude Stein's first book, was written in 1905 and published in 1909. At that time, it attracted little attention, and it has long been out of print. The public for such fiction as that of Sherwood Anderson had not yet been created; but "Three Lives," loaned from hand to hand, acquired a sort of underground reputation. Carl Van Vechten wrote about it; Eugene O'Neill read it and was deeply impressed by the Negro story, "Melanctha"; Anderson himself also read it and was profoundly influenced by it: indeed, it seems to have been one of the principal literary influences which went to form his singular style: his monotonous repetitions and his method of telling a story by means of a succession of statements of almost primer-like baldness seem both to have been caught from Gertrude Stein. "Three Lives" has now been reprinted, and it deserves to be widely read. It is not only, it seems to me, far and away the best of Gertrude Stein's books, but even one of the most original and satisfactory pieces of fiction by a living American. Miss Stein gets so close to her Negro girl and to her German servants that we seem actually to see the world as they see it: there is perhaps something of Proust's Françoise and Flaubert's Félicité about the Good Anna and the Gentle Lena; but when we put them beside Miss Stein's creations, we realize the extent to which the former have merely been got up from outside: they are merely specimens of French servants which we are invited to consider. But, with the servants of Gertrude Stein, we come to share their lives so intimately that their position ceases to be present to us; just as, immersed in Melanctha's world, we forget that its inhabitants are black. What is present to us is human character, of which Miss Stein has an astonishing grasp. Her three women take on the dignity of three fundamental feminine types, and their stories have a significance quite different from that of ordinary realistic fiction: it is not a set of social conditions or the life of a particular locality which interests Miss Stein; it is, as I say, the basic types of human character and the curves which they inevitably describe.

Between 1906 and 1908, Gertrude Stein wrote a long novel called "The Making of Americans"; but she was never able to find a publisher for it until 1925, when it was brought out in Paris. It proves to be a work of almost a thousand large pages of very small print. The first part, at any rate, shows the same admirable qualities as "Three Lives," though in a somewhat diluted and even debased form. The men and women of her German-Jewish families are set before us with all Miss Stein's sure instinct for the various, but irreducible, entities which human beings are; and we are made to feel life as they feel it, to take for granted just as they do the whole complex of conditions of which they are part. But some ruminative self-hypnosis, some progressive slowing-up of the mind, has begun to affect Miss Stein's style. Where, in "Three Lives," her recurring repetitions happily conveyed the recurrences, the gradual unwinding of life—where they were useful in producing the effect of the speech of slow-minded people (even in the later book, she is quite successful with the patient and brooding repetitiousness of the German-Jewish Americans of the first and second generations); in "The Making of Americans," her repetitions begin to suggest some technique of mesmerism. With sentences so regularly rhythmical, so needlessly prolix, so many times repeated and ending so often with present participles, the reader is all too soon in a state, not to follow the slow becoming of life, but simply to fall asleep. I have not read "The Making of Americans" through, and I do not know whether it is possible to do so. In the latter part, we have the disconcerting spectacle of Miss Stein abandoning altogether the attempt to tell what her characters say and do, and merely dealing with them in a curious abstract vein of generalization. The psychological truth is still there, no doubt, but it is in a solution of about 1 percent to the total volume of the dose. Or, to change the figure, Miss Stein seems to have spun herself into an enormous and dense cocoon, from which it is rapidly becoming impossible for her to communicate with us.

The repetitious and abstract vein of the last pages of "The Making of Americans" persists still in the psychological portraits of Picasso and Matisse published in Camera Work in 1912. The "Portrait of Mabel Dodge," however, privately printed in Florence, marks something of a departure. Hitherto, Miss Stein, at her worst, though queer and almost intolerably boring, had used language more or less in its accepted meanings. With the "Portrait of Mabel Dodge," she became unintelligible. She seems to be groping for the instinctive movements of the mind which underlie the factitious conventional logic of ordinary intercourse, and to be trying to convey their rhythms and responses through a language divested of its ordinary meaning. "Tender Buttons" appeared in 1914 and, by reason of its strangeness, was the first book of Gertrude Stein's to attract much attention. The pieces in "Tender Buttons" were brief, and they showed an even more violent dislocation of words from their ordinary meanings. They are said to have been intended for a series of still-lifes in prose, analogous to the painted still-lifes of Picasso and Braque. Miss Stein, who had taken up her residence in Paris, was much preoccupied at this time with modern painting, which was then reckless with the first excitement of its revolutionary theory. For her, a pattern of assorted words, in themselves nonsensical, would be as legitimate as a cubist canvas composed of unidentifiable fragments. Since this time, with rare moments of intelligibility, she has written practically nothing but nonsense, though she has developed several other veins which were not illustrated in "Tender Buttons." One of these seems to consist in the echoes and the overtones of conversation ironically or contentedly reverberating in the mind; in another, she writes long lists of phrases, which she divides into acts and calls plays. The miscellany, "Geography and Plays," published in 1922, includes examples of almost all her different styles.

There can, of course, be no *a priori* argument against Gertrude Stein's later practice. All literature is nonsense, more or less—that is to say, it depends for its effect upon making words suggest something more, and often some-

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thing quite different, from what they ordinarily mean. If Gertrude Stein fails as an artist, it is because she almost invariably, nowadays, withholds the key, not merely to what she is talking about—this is also true of some fine poetry—but even to what sort of feeling she desires to arouse in us. Except in her exasperating mood of interminable repetition, she writes with a good deal of distinction: some of her compositions are agreeable even when we do not know what they mean; and occasional flashes of her old tenderness, humor, irony and insight still come glimmering up from the depths. (Unfortunately, all her verbal invention, her most attractive or surprising phrases—"tender buttons," "have they attacked Mary he giggled," "toasted Susie is my ice-cream"—seem reserved for the most incomprehensible of her pieces, while the comparatively viable ones are usually flaccid and dreary.) And she has unquestionably proved fruitful in providing other more satisfactory writers with clues to new effects: Ernest Hemingway, for example, has found much that was useful to him in Miss Stein, not merely in the ironic insipidity of such a sketch as "Mr. and Mrs. Elliott," evidently derived from such stories of Miss Stein's as the amusing "Miss Furr and Miss Skeene," but also even in certain passages of "The Sun Also Rises." Yet, on the whole, it is impossible not to feel that she has somewhere gone off the track. It may be that she has fallen a victim to a sort of metaphysical turn, which, if she had been a man, would have found its play in the elaboration of theory rather than in the spinning of abstract fiction. In "Composition as Explanation," a lecture recently delivered in England, and now printed as one of the "Hogarth Essays," she attempts to tell about her literary development, but her explanation unluckily becomes difficult at just the point where her work is unintelligible. Somewhere the writer of remarkable gifts who created the tragic heroines of "Three Lives" has been sunk in these soporific rigmaroles, in these echolaliac incantations, in these half-witted-sounding catalogues of numbers; but whether the bubbles she sends up from the depths spell out a code we have not learned to decipher or whether the washings of the sedentary mind have quite eroded her away, it is impossible for us to know.

EDMUND WILSON.

Literary Globe-Trotters

Jesting Pilate, by Aldous Huxley. New York: George H. Doran Company. 326 pages. $3.50.

A Novelist's Tour of the World, by Vicente Blasco Ibañez. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 414 pages. $6.

Gifts of Fortune, by H. M. Tomlinson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 246 pages. $4.

WHAT is truth?' said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer." Bacon's sentence makes a good title for a book about a tour of the world by Aldous Huxley. It is a whet for the appetite that relished "Chrome Yellow" and learned to distinguish two Aldous Huxleys, the dextrous from the dull. But the title is a bad promise. What we enjoy most about him, his languid cheek, the bagatelle for its own sake and the truth for the wit, do not flourish round the world. Mr. Huxley's ironic equilibrium is upset by travel. He starts around the world with an open mind—first disappointment for the anticipating reader. Then, "What is truth?" he asks at every point, before the Taj Mahal, from the top of an elephant, in Hollywood, in New York. He does not stay for an answer, but delivers one upon the spot. He ratiocinates about everything. He repeats himself. He becomes earnest. He becomes banal. The reader, shocked, turns his eyes from the naked spectacle of Aldous Huxley without his distinguished, his *soigné* sophistication. If he reads on, he will be rewarded with a phrase here and there, an image or the turn of an idea, an hors d'oeuvre to roll upon the tongue, a taste of the good things he had anticipated. But at the end, when he has read through a section on America of which even the American Mercury would not be very proud, and comes to the conclusion that it takes all sorts to make a world and that existing spiritual values are best—then, he will turn away, a hungry and disappointed man.

If he must read about round-the-world travel (it is a necessity which few perhaps feel) he might try his taste upon another novelist. In 1923, Vicente Blasco Ibañez, after a quixotic debate with his other self in the manner of Tartarin de Tarascon, left his garden in Mentone for the rigors of a world cruise in the S. S. Franconia. To write a serious travel book about a conducted cruise is an idea that would not occur to many people. It occurred quite naturally to Ibañez. The result is 414 pages long, but it is not dull. Mr. Ibañez' narrative talent is brought into play upon the history, religion, morals, and meaning of every country approached or sighted by the cruising Franconia. There is nothing very new in it, except the way in which it is told, and the very genuine enthusiasm of the writer. He is a man who makes the most of a world tour. He does not, like Mr. Huxley, make it mostly of himself. Of course he does come to conclusions, rather grandiosely—"populations are multiplying much more rapidly than the supply of available food. My journey around the world has convinced me that we are far from through with the devil of war. . . ." But who can deny him this frailty? And after all, he may be right.

To these traveling writers our good fortune recently has added another book by H. M. Tomlinson, who is a traveler as well as a writer and distinguished in both capacities. It is a collection of miscellaneous essays, not the record of a single expedition, but it is by all means the best travel book of the past year. Mr. Tomlinson has, as we say, a style—a crisp and individual prose of his own. He has, besides, his own ideas about travel, its reasons and rewards, the value of our illusions concerning it. He is willing to ask, "What is truth?" and if there seems a chance of getting one, he will stay for an answer. Unless the answer presently reveals itself, he will not labor after it for its own sake, nor delve after it, with the enthusiasm of Ibañez, into history, religion and statistics. Truth, he says, is an inspired suggestion that breaks into the mind unexpectedly. Sometimes we see behind the veil—"the light comes unexpectedly and obliquely. . . . If we are watchful we may get a bewildering hint, but placed where nobody would have expected to find it. . . . A casual coast suddenly fixed by so strange a glow that one looks to the opposite sky fearfully; the careless word which makes you glance at a stranger, and doubt your fixed opinion; an ugly city, which you are glad to leave, transfigured and jubilant as you pass out of its harbor; these are the incidents that give a sense of discovery to a voyage." Heightened by a positive and unusual mind, colored by a long past of unusual travel, Mr. Tomlinson's discoveries make charming essays. Though in "Hints for Those About to Travel" he modestly disclaims his worthiness, he is, we know, one of the few who have really a right to travel. E. F.

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Recent Fiction

Latterday Symphony, by Romer Wilson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

A MODERN complaint, in minor discords. The telling is here more important than what is told; the disguise itself—for this little book is most elaborately dressed up—is more important than what has been disguised into what else. There is protest here, and aimlessness in revolt, and uneasy brilliance, and the steels of irony which, finding nothing especially worth piercing, twist themselves into verbal and intellectual pretzels. Divine discontent builds cathedrals, or lays them low; the discontent of our decade does neither, but spends itself in the manufacture of melancholy intellectual gargoyles, handsome, polished, distorted, Alexandrian little figures whose faces show at once the sly pleasure of their creator in his own skill and his deep weariness. To try to tell anything about the action or characters of "Latterday Symphony" would be meaningless; suffice it to say that the book is inhabited by several very distinct ghosts, as sad as they are clever, in particular an American Negro, whose mood, while quite in harmony with the neurasthenic fireworks about him, remains at the same time fresh and strong and young. A book that is skilful, delicate, fastidious, subterranean, and very much of our times. But the kind of auxiliary skill that prompts some people to tattoo themselves, beautifully, and others to try to be the finest landscape gardeners of blind alleys in the world.

The Band Plays Dixie, by Morris Markey. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

STARTS out like another of these pleasant, mouth-filling adventure stories: a young man in the Civil War. A little diluted Ambrose Bierce—or is it Stephen Crane?—to begin with; mellow, accurate projection of a pretty good imagination into a small fragment of a bloody past. Then prison, and a curiously dreamy, rather charming, thoroughly unreal little backwater in the story. Vivid snatches, and fog-bound emotions. The fog is vaguely rose-colored. From this point on, an improbable story: escape, wandering, love, detection, peculiar hatred for each other of the two cousins. The framework invites to a swift, moderately exciting, adolescent romance. What we get is curiously anæsthetized, and we doze along in pleasant semi-consciousness, almost lulled, not quite bored, through good words and vague pictures. It all ends, after a last dimly melodramatic flare-up, nowhere, but a melancholy, resigned nowhere, which makes a mild, unimportant book somehow curious and original.

The Sun in Splendor, by Thomas Burke. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

THERE can be no doubt that the author of "Limehouse Nights" knows his London and loves it with science and a ferreting passion. All that is best, and most of what is any good at all in "The Sun in Splendor" springs from that affectionate knowledge. In this multiple black city soil, those people of Mr. Burke's grow most sturdily who remain nearest to their source, and they wither and die pale deaths when the background of alleys and small shops and queer corners is withdrawn from them. This, unfortunately, happens more and more as the book nears its end, a station which, when we with some relief alight there, finds us but feebly interested in any of the people or their haphazard story. Music and London streets are here unskilfully intertwined; Mr. Burke seems to know almost as much about one as he does about the other, and to be equally fond of both, but his city has a power to make us prick up our ears which his muse lacks completely. There are perhaps half-a-dozen moments in the book that stay in the mind's eye, well worked-over little genre pictures, in mud and gas-light, with suggestions, rather than portraits, of some uncommonly queer and amusing faces. But queerness gradually drops from them, and amusement also, and indeed most of the other things that make this story better worth reading than the thousand and one others.

The Dark Gentleman, by G. B. Stern. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE dark gentleman is a black spaniel, and all the people who amount to anything in the book are dogs. The human beings who rule the dogs with intermittent, distant gestures, are spoken of by the dogs as Legs, and evidently have no personality above the waist. The dark gentleman and his friends swear, not by God, but by dog. They talk of dog-things with an intelligence we can understand, and of human things with a strong, consistent dog accent. We have seen in literature two ways of writing about animals: either completely from the outside, as Anatole France wrote about Riquet, or with sentimental nature-faking and lending to animals of human traits. Miss Stern has written in neither of these veins, and has contributed something new to the art of writing about dogs. Her dogs are not quadruped skins fitted with human speech, nor human beings disguised as animals, but rather a new species, humanly comprehensible, but consistently dog-like. Their talk is as if overheard, and surprises us no less than it delights. Their actions, thoroughly dog-like, are told with sympathetic observation and humorous imagination, and the descriptions of the dogs are the best in years. Why Boris kept giving his paw, for instance—but this admirably witty, accurate and affectionate little episode should—like the rest of the book—be read rather than retold.

Red Love, by Alexandra Kollontay. New York: Seven Arts Publishing Company. $2.50.

RED LOVE" is a sensational title—not, we understand, the title which the Soviet Ambassador to Mexico gave the book in her own language. "Red Love" sounds like bait for the least intelligent kind of American interest in Russia. And for that sort of fish, there is indeed something here to nibble at. But there is a lot else as well, packed into a small space. The love story, a simple, moving tangle, is also the story of the new woman all over the world, the problem of work vs. love. Then there is a glimpse of the deep, narrow, utterly selfless will, which, implanted in a few hundred thousands, has made Russia's and much of Europe's history for the last ten years. But the characters of the book, and its peculiar intimate struggle, belong to a later period, the let-down in revolutionary ideals, the infection of communists themselves with the views of life which mushroomed with the "New Economic Policy." The contrast between the harried, heroic, puritanical Vasya and her easy-going, successful, result-getting, tainted lover—communists both of them—is symbolical of a real change and a real problem in revolutionary circles. As a document, "Red Love" is enormously interesting. As a novel, it is uneven, and often unreal, with the thesis too boldly peeking out from between its lean ribs. It has not the sweet, heroic unreality of so much revolutionary fiction, Stepniak's, for

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instance. It is harsh, brave, searching, blind, desperate, shrewd, and not a little disillusioned. But that may be only the weariness of those who spend their days cutting off hydra heads.

Shadows Waiting, by Eleanor Carroll Chilton. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

THE main track of America is now noisy, crude, satiric, self-conscious, or obscurely, natively fumbling. With all such, "Shadows Waiting" has nothing in common. It is not the main track, it has not been stamped by its age, it is, thank God, not journalistic in any sense. It is simply and solely one of the finest, ablest, most distinguished and most beautifully written books that America has produced in a good many years. I say America—but is it America? Isn't it rather something that the world has produced, the fruit of an eye that can look back to Greece, and then down at our own age, and see that each of them, and all that lies in between, are layers of the single mysterious human cake? To be sure, "Shadows Waiting" is a backwater, but there is more of the world in its slow-moving depths than in the surface froth of any contemporary torrent. At times, in reading it, we must admit that solitude and analysis are spun too far. The end is a rather colorless series of verbal subtleties, and compares almost badly with the magnificent windless mystery, the almost holy terror, of the pages in the ravine. Impossible to describe, without spoiling it, the very carefully unwound structure and super-structure which has nothing to do with "plot," but a great deal to do with poetry. Indeed it is as poetry that "Shadows Waiting" is best read—poetry strange and green, and beautiful and wise. R. L.

Jill, by E. M. Delafield. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

IN "Jill" Miss Delafield fumbles for the masterpiece which so often escapes her. Characterization and manners she handles with the steadiness of her practised hand, but the action becomes doubtful when the heroine's ministration of rescue is made to include two derelicts where only one is required. A doubling of coincidence means extracting the square root of reality. R. M. L.

Contributors

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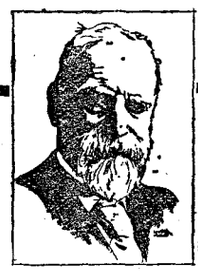
RAYMOND P. CURRIER, a graduate of Harvard, was formerly a teacher of English literature at Judson College, University of Rangoon, Rangoon, Burma, and later Y. M. C. A. secretary at the middle-western university referred to in his article. He is now associate professor of English at a middle-western college.

ROSALIND A. SCHWAB is a graduate of Wellesley College, and has written a number of articles for current magazines.

PADRAIC COLUM'S poems in this issue are from a volume entitled "Creatures," which is to be published this month.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD'S latest book of poetry is "Words for the Chisel."

C. E. AYRES has been professor of philosophy at Reed and Amherst Colleges, and a member of the staff of the New Republic.



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